# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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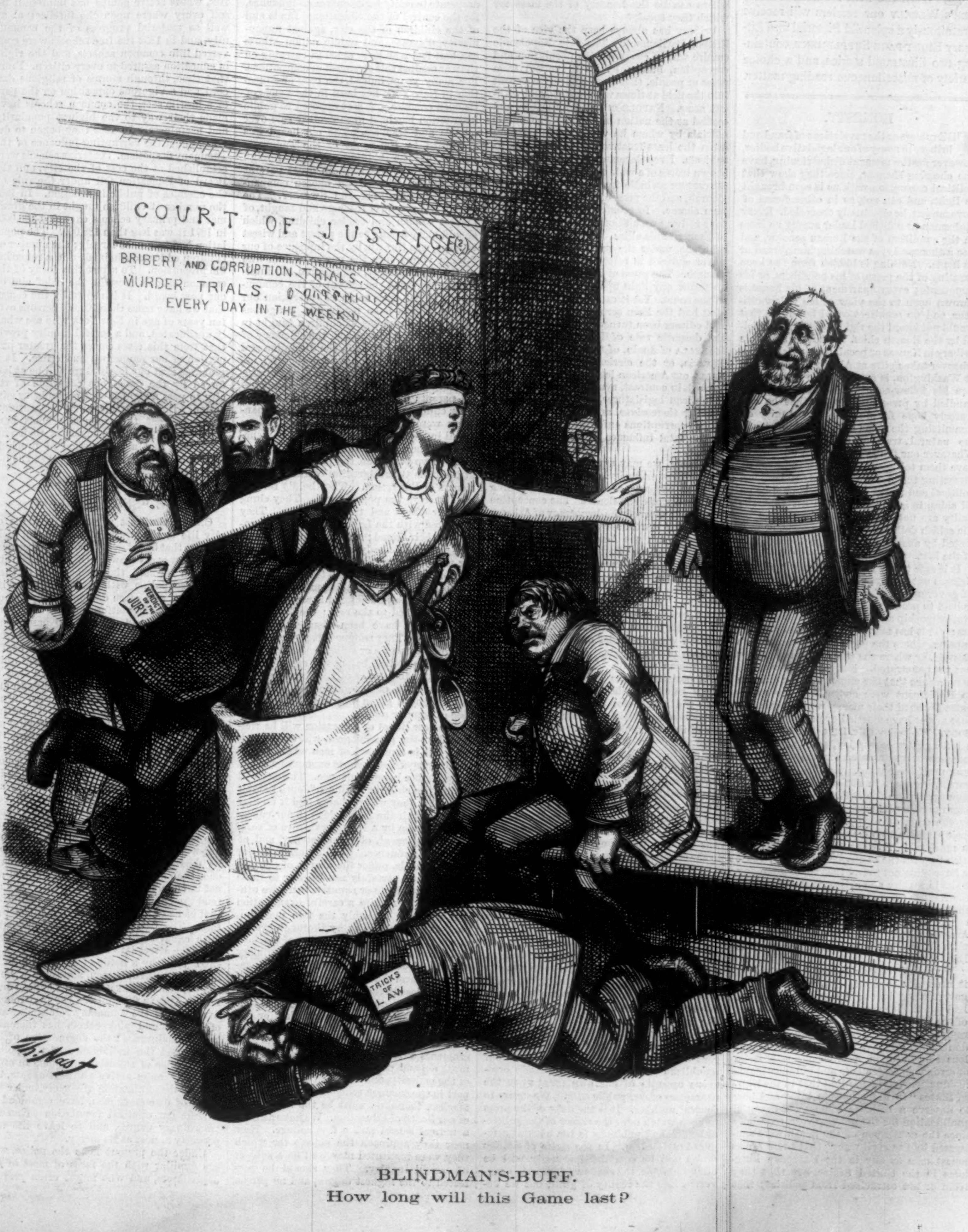
COURT OF JUSTICE(?)
BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION TRIALS.
MURDER TRIALS.
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK
VERDICT OF THE JURY
TRICKS OF LAW
Th. Nast

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.
How long will this Game last?

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 12, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously an Eight-page Supplement, with the third installment of Lord Lytton's fascinating Novel,

"THE PARISIANS,"

commenced in the Weekly for March 29. This work has been received with extraordinary favor by the reading public, and will undoubtedly be one of the most popular of Lord Lytton's novels.

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## HONESTY.

THE rumors or the revelations of fraud and bribery in many of our legislative bodies, however for the moment disheartening, have one cheering element, since they show that political corruption with us is soon brought to light, and can not, as in other forms of government, be effectually concealed. Every statesman or political leader among us lives in the condition of the Roman senator, and has a thousand eyes watching him abroad or at home. Nothing is hidden from the keen scrutiny of the press, of his neighbors, or his opponents; every apartment of his house is thrown open to the view of his fellow-citizens, and no architect could build one that would not afford the rigid publicity demanded by the Roman chief. Whoever attempts bribery in Kansas or peculation in California, whoever takes gifts at Albany or offers them at Washington, is certain to be dragged before his fellow-countrymen, and so rudely handled by press and people that he can scarcely hope for another opportunity of committing the same offense. Publicity is the natural trait of a free government. Whatever our faults are, we are anxious to have them told—we trust with the hope of correcting them. If crimes and defalcations, political and moral corruption, startle us on all sides, it is one proof at least that the guilty are not hidden from observation by the selfish delicacy of a ruling caste, or protected by absolute power from the scrutiny of the law.

It is safe to say that our principle of publicity is not preserved under any other form of government. The English constitution is held to produce a high degree of purity in statesmanship and honesty in political leaders; yet it has many hidden retreats of corruption, where the press seldom ventures to intrude, or where the progress of reform has not yet penetrated. Not many years ago it is notorious that the expenses of an election to Parliament were enormous: the candidates lavished their money with a profusion that might have startled even an Ames or a Bogy. We believe Mr. Disraeli brought in a bill against corruption, and that several members were unseated for tempting electors to sell their votes. But the practice of purchasing seats in Parliament is so deeply impressed upon the British constitution by long usage, by its perfect respectability, and by the eminent names that have given it their sanction, that we fear it still flourishes in much of its ancient vigor. We have no wish to press the *tu quoque* argument; yet it is impossible not to feel that there are many traits in royalty and aristocracy upon which the English press exercises a discreet silence that would find no parallel in the unguarded candor of our own—that the scandals of American legislatures are not wholly inapplicable even to the highest branches of the English.

We should scarcely, indeed, have thought it necessary to notice the faults of other governments in our concern for our own, had not the inaccurate criticisms of several of the English journals seemed to require a reply. In one ultramontane paper, the London *Tablet*, we have a bitter and unscrupulous assault upon republicanism—a series of erroneous statements and of unjustifiable insinuations. We are told that in the United States "to know how to bribe and how to deserve a bribe is almost an essential qualification for the popular vote, especially since the gentlemen of the South were suppressed by the civil war;" that there are as honest men as any in the European kingdoms in the United States, but that they avoid or are ostracized from politics; that dishonesty in our politicians is the surest way to the esteem of our people; that successful fraud only excites them to "envious admiration;" that our "executive" is tainted with dishonor, and our statesmen, since the fall of slavery, quite unfit to meet on equal grounds, in character and native dignity, the rulers of England. In other words, our ultramontane journal, the representative of the opinions of Archbishop Manning and of the Papal Council, laments over the fall of slavery, denounces republicanism as thoroughly dishonest and corrupt, celebrates the superior virtues of despotism, and covers our government with unfounded calumnies. The danger of such causeless insinuations is chiefly that they come from a source which is looked upon as infallible authority by large bodies of men in Europe and America. To reply to them is needless for any cultivated readers: it is rather for their authors that we point the moral of the theme. If such extravagant falsehoods are propagated by literary journals of repute in Europe, where can be the honesty of the class for which they speak?

Bribery has always been the vice of the British Parliament. The late Napoleonic empire was so covered with peculation and corruption, hidden by its despotism from press or people, that even its army was sent into the field at times without food and without arms. Napoleon ruled by bribes, and scoffed at the notion of honor. The public officials by whom he was surrounded were often the least trustworthy of their fellow-subjects. Even Germany, usually honest, has shown traces of a wide system of fraud. The Spitzeder swindle involved the court, the Church, and the press of Munich in one common shame. In economical Prussia important railway peculations recall the memories of Fisk and his allies. The press of the city of Rome, under the rule of the popes, was never suffered to relate the scandals of the Church. The press of Spain never ventured to throw any light upon the loose manners of the court. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that had the keen scrutiny of our reporters and editors been turned upon the secrets of the despotic rule of Louis Napoleon, of Isabella of Spain, of the ultramontanes of Bavaria, or the clerical officials of Antonelli, our American legislatures would have seemed, in contrast, symbols of purity. Our republican legislatures, too, are rapidly reforming themselves, are laboring to throw off the corruptions enforced by slavery and by the fatal influence of uncultivated foreigners.

Honesty, we may assure our foreign critics, is almost exclusively a republican virtue. It is the offspring of the communal feeling and of patriotic self-denial. The conception of honesty adorned the democracy of Athens; the just Aristides wandered in tattered robes beneath the Acropolis; the graceful Pericles boasted that he had taken nothing from his countrymen; Phocion rejected the Macedonian gifts; and Athenian treasurers were vain of the accuracy of their accounts. The conception passed to republican Rome; it was illustrated in a long line of popular rulers, to whom bribery and corruption were the chief offenses against the welfare of the people. Honesty died with the Roman republic. The very conception of it perished in the Middle Ages. Savage kings ruled by robbery. Unworthy popes won the triple crown by bribery, and enriched their ambitious children by the plunder of the miserable people. Famous saints seem to have had no conception of honesty: their faith was firm, but their moral perceptions clouded. Saint Louis plundered his Jewish subjects, and Dominic and Loyola inculcated the spoiling of the heretics. At length with the Reformation honesty became once more the crowning trait of statesmanship. To be "as honest as a Huguenot" was the last testimony of decaying France to the superiority of public virtue. Colbert was the last of her honest statesmen. In England the notion made slow progress; and in the last century Walpole bribed whole Parliaments, and members of Parliament have never since ceased to bribe their electors. Honesty crowned with signal lustre the founders of the American republic; and the heart of the whole nation is, we believe, more true to-day to the rigid requirements of public virtue, notwithstanding the many lapses of public men, than when its ancestors first pledged themselves to its support. The community is laboring painfully yet ceaselessly toward a higher civilization.

We do not, therefore, fear the most stringent criticisms of foreign writers upon our republican purity, nor the sometimes erroneous assaults of our own press upon the characters of our public men. We desire to conceal nothing. It is the duty of the press to keep watch over the career of the political leader, and publicity is the natural safeguard of freedom. In the strife of parties errors will be committed, severity will be often indulged, the shadow of suspicion converted into the reality of guilt, but we believe the people and the press will finally be just. And hence the charges which are so freely hurled against our public servants, of bribery, mendacity, corruption, will do no harm to the honest man, and serve only to make his integrity more conspicuous; they will help to diminish the crimes which they wrongfully impute, and frighten the guilty from the paths of dishonor.

## THE NEW BOARD OF EDUCATION.

To the general satisfaction of all who are interested in the care of children, the old Board of Education in New York has been at length removed. How long it has persisted in retaining its unpopular rule over the dearest interests of the city; with what persistency it has clung to its perquisites, its plunder, its sectarian intolerance; with what open intimidation, secret intrigue, and hidden bribery it has held its place long after the corrupt power that gave it authority had sunk in ruin and shame; how it fought with desperate tenacity for its enormous influence, for the control of the educational funds and of the children of the city, against unpopularity, disgrace, and public odium—those can best feel who have aided in carrying on the war against this strangest of usurpations. For many years, indeed, the care of education in New York has been in the hands of its open enemies. A sect opposed to public instruction has held uncontrolled rule over schools and teachers. The old board was appointed by the worst of the Tammany leaders, at the bidding of their foreign rulers. It was composed, in great part at least, of the friends and chosen companions of Tweed, Fisk, and Sweeny. The care of the young, of teachers and taught, of modest women and tender children, which should alone belong to the purest and wisest citizens, was thrown, by the influence of our foreign voters, into the power of men who neither by character, information, nor intelligence deserved the esteem of the community. Under their reign of corruption our public schools have received a dangerous check. The number of children taught in them has steadily declined, the efficiency of the teachers is impaired, the discipline and morals of the schools have deteriorated, extravagance and waste have marked the educational department for many years, and careful parents have often been afraid to send their children to schools whose official managers were notoriously corrupt, and whose moral influence could scarcely fail to penetrate to the foundations of public instruction. Two years ago the people demanded at the polls the resignation of the Commissioners of Education. They boldly refused obedience to the popular will. They clung to their offices and their influence. They tampered with the Legislature; the Governor was their friend; and for two years more this remarkable body of educators provided for the mental wants of New York. Their usurpation has at last come to an end. Several of the more respectable members of the old board, who had entered it recently, have been appointed to the new; the least valuable portion have been dismissed forever from office. They resigned their places with indignant protests or sullen sarcasms; they have fallen at last before the might of the people and the power of the press, and one more bulwark of ignorance and prejudice has at length given way before the rising tide of popular reform.

The new Board of Education will be welcomed by the general good-will of the citizens. It is composed of men whose names inspire respect, and whose examples will not be without a happy influence. The city will commit its children with confidence to their care. Yet they will probably find it no easy task to repair the injury done to our educational system by a long prevalence of careless management, of incompetency, and of sectarian influence. While many of our public schools, under the charge of efficient teachers, are certainly not inferior to those of any other State or country, there are others that will require a careful examination and reform. Probably the two most important elements in every thorough system of education are the preparation of teachers and the constant supervision of the primary schools. The teachers should be so educated as to form the highest, because most cultivated, class in the community; for to them is committed a duty more weighty than that of the justice who defines the law or the legislator who enacts it. They form the morals and the manners of the people. As governments advance further in liberality, they must depend chiefly upon the intelligence of the majority, and find their strongest support in the common schools. To educate the teacher, therefore, must be the first object of [illegible]d of Education. We have already a normal school and a free college. How near they approach the objects for which they were instituted may well be a subject of careful inquiry. They should be perfected to the highest degree, and no person should be hereafter appointed a teacher in the public schools who has not been thoroughly trained in this most difficult and important profession. Regular grades of advancement should be established, merit should be carefully distinguished, and liberal salaries secure the highest class of intellect for the cultivation of the community. Nor is it the more advanced schools that will deserve the chief attention of our Commissioners. The primary schools are the foundation of the common-school system. Here the children of the poor or the wealthy are first brought under the influence of education; here they are to be taught order, decency, cleanliness, good morals, and the elements of knowledge; and here the most striking results of the beneficial influence of popular instruction may be attained.

Until the recent rule of corruption in New York the progress of its educational prosperity had been almost without a check. In 1805 the first free-school society was founded, under the presidency of De Witt Clinton, whose active genius has impressed itself every where upon the intellectual as well as material progress of the community, and in 1852 the free schools were converted into common schools, and the right of education assured to every citizen. From that time, through storms of religious discord and a vigorous opposition on the part of a hostile sect, the common schools have made their way to the highest popularity and usefulness. In 1869 they began to decline, under the corrupting influence of the Tammany despotism. Sectarian schools were established at the cost of the city, and the Board of Education fell under the rule of the enemies of public instruction. In 1868 the number of children taught in the grammar and primary schools exceeded 196,000; in 1871 it was less than 188,000. The population had increased largely; the number of children educated diminished in a remarkable proportion. To arrest this decay of the common schools must be the chief aim of our new board. It is shown by the census that we have more than 100,000 persons over ten years of age in New York who are wholly uneducated, and a careful inquiry proves that from this class comes the greater proportion of our pauperism and crime. It is probable that our Legislature will be at last forced by the dangerous condition of the city to pass a rigid law of compulsory education. But at least we may congratulate ourselves that the common schools have been taken out of the hands of their enemies, and that a new period of probably unequaled prosperity and improvement lies before them.

## THE "SUSPECT" LAW.

One of the least agreeable incidents of city life is the swarm of thieves and pickpockets that haunt every place of amusement and follow every crowd. Often in prison and as often released, they come back to their early occupation with fresh zeal, and with shameless and often dangerous impudence. They throng the platforms of crowded cars, insult, terrify, and plunder the passengers, threaten violence where they are safe from a retort, cover modest women with confusion by their gross language, or assail quiet citizens with abuse or blows, and find in the conductor sometimes a confederate and sometimes a victim. They are seen in every accidental gathering of a crowd, testing the pockets of the unwary, and carrying off watches and breastpins. They snatch the purses from the hands of ladies on Madison Avenue or Union Square in mid-day, sometimes with rude violence and provoking insolence. The throngs of the markets are full of them, and they gather rich harvests from the well-filled pockets of anxious buyers who are cheapening provisions, and from the carefully watched hoards of busy market-women. Every political meeting has its deputation of thieves, who may have once been affiliated with Tammany, and are not unhonored in its august halls. They attend the popular churches with a regularity that some of the members might well imitate. Theatres and operas they patronize with equal assiduity, and whoever is out upon the street late at night is liable to be surrounded by a horde of marauders, to be hustled, insulted, beaten, and robbed, while the policeman is at a distance, and no help near. And, in fact, during the past four or five years of the Tammany rule the swarm of thieves and pickpockets has increased beyond endurance; the degradation of the courts and the indifference of the police, the practice of releasing prisoners in order to obtain more active political agents, the general demoralization of society under the reign of dishonest men, have combined to enlarge our criminal population to an extraordinary degree, and to leave life and property almost at its mercy.

Under the present laws the police, who are familiar with the faces of most of the depredators, and who might often prevent robbery and theft had they the power, can only seize the criminal in the act of committing an offense, or pursue him after the crime. They may see the crowd of well-known pickpockets mount the platform of the car or gather around an unsuspecting victim, but they have no right to arrest them, or even drive them from their prey. And hence a bill has been introduced into the Assembly by Mr. C. G. Cornell, of New York, founded upon what is known as the "Suspect act," which has recently been adopted in England. Its aim is to protect gatherings of the people from well-known criminals, and enable the police to arrest any suspicious persons who may be seen prowling around their favorite haunts. Its provisions will afford a new feeling of security to those who ride late at night in street cars, or are fond of thronging the lobbies of theatres, and stopping to watch the excitements of the street. It provides, in effect, that whenever the well-known thieves are seen at popular gatherings, in hotels, restaurants, cars, or in any other place where they have come to exercise their vocation, they may be taken before a magistrate, and upon full proof that they have been intent on some unlawful purpose, may be committed to jail and condemned to a term of one hundred days of hard labor. To prevent abuse of this authority and the imprisonment of innocent persons, the prisoner is entitled to a second hearing, and may produce evidence of his good intentions or character before another magistrate. The design of the law is excellent. It will, no doubt, produce a strong excitement among the criminal classes; it may be denounced by some of their allies in political life as an infringement of personal rights, and a violation of the liberties of man. But if properly enforced it will give some sense of security to honest men in the pursuit of their usual avocations, and banish from their common resorts many who now prey upon the ignorant and unsuspicious.

The accounts given in the police records of the shameless boldness of these escaped or too often prematurely released thieves would be amusing if they were not so painful to their victims. In one instance they took possession of a car, accused a quiet citizen of some improper conduct, dragged him out, and threw him insensible upon the pavement. Here they were last seen rifling their prey; women and men were gathered around the insensible victim, carrying off his valuables, and leaving him to stagger homeward as he might. One thief seized a lady upon Madison Avenue, while another plundered her of her purse and jewels. This is a common event in city life. Sometimes three or four thieves together walk down a public thoroughfare at night, and if they meet a solitary passer, strike him down and rob him at leisure. Under the corrupt rule of the Tammany magistrates the thieves, even when convicted, often escaped punishment, or were soon let loose upon the community. They had friends on the bench; they had been active at the polls. Some were sent on a mild exile to the House of Refuge, and were soon dismissed on the plea of an error in age. In many cases the prosecuting officer failed to carry on the case; he relieved the prisoner, and modestly solicited or required his vote. But we trust this period of dishonesty has forever passed away. A stringent execution of the "suspect" statute would soon free our city from a throng of thieves, and the rigid punishment of every convicted criminal to the full limit of his term may check the growth of crime in another generation.

## OVERCROWDED CITIES.

It is pleasant to know that there is some hope for those who live in tenement-houses of being rescued from discomfort and secured an adequate share of health. Nearly one-half the population of New York are lodged in this manner. The narrow and limited form of the island has produced an extraordinary degree of overcrowding, a regular process of eviction, and the gradual movement of the great army of tenement lodgers from the lower to the upper wards. Twenty years ago they were chiefly confined to the district below Canal Street. They have been slowly driven from their earlier resorts, and are now principally found in the upper and eastern portions of the city. The Eleventh and the Thirteenth wards seem to have strong attractions for lodgers. The population is there denser than the most crowded part of London. Three hundred persons live upon every square acre of land, while the law of health permits only one hundred. The high price of rents and the necessity of being near their place of business force the laboring class into thick aggregations dangerous to health and morals, and produce in all large cities centres of disease and haunts of crime. It is estimated that the tenement population yields seventy-five per cent. of the sickness of New York, while it forms one-half of the number; that in many instances the inhabitants of these crowded colonies sink rapidly into moral degradation, and lose the sentiment of natural decency; that excessive crowding must prove fatal to good order, and form the source of the swift degeneration of cities.

Every city, therefore, is called upon to meet boldly this gigantic evil, and to provide some remedy before it is too late. The chief measures yet devised for this purpose are the improvement of the lodging-houses, the dispersion of the tenement population; and the most cheering results have been made to flow from both. The improvement of the homes of the tenement class has been found to produce a wonderful change in their health and morals. Of the effect of the Peabody buildings in London we are told: "Sickness is very rare; epidemics have not raged inside, though at times prevalent immediately outside of the buildings; the general care of personal appearance of each tenant improves. This is remarkable chiefly in the women and children. In some instances the change in men is wonderful, miraculous." Still more encouraging is the account given in Dr. Stephen Smith's valuable extract from the report of the New York Health Department of the extraordinary improvement produced by the reconstruction of tenement buildings under the stringent application of the sanitary laws. A house in East Seventeenth Street, with a capacity for ten families, had fallen into a condition of extreme dilapidation and decay. It was occupied by the poorest and most depraved classes; various diseases raged among its inmates, and typhus fever, the common scourge of the overcrowded districts, within six months found twenty victims in this single house. It was vacated and repaired, the drains were renewed, the walls scraped and plastered, ventilation was secured, and the whole building painted. For the next five years scarcely a case of sickness occurred in the once malarious house. The Old Brewery at the Five Points was once occupied by the worst class of the population of that notorious neighborhood, was dilapidated, filthy, filled with disease and crime. Its death rate was enormous. Scarcely one of its occupants escaped contagion. It was taken possession of by the Methodist Society, and converted into a mission house. The interior was renewed, two stories of the house were converted into lodgings, well-ventilated, neat, and convenient, and twenty families of the destitute poor were received into the building. They are taken from the most wretched and abandoned class of the district, the same class that once filled the Old Brewery with disease and crime. They are allowed to live in the rooms without paying rent, but good order is enforced, perfect cleanliness is required, no liquors are suffered to be brought into the house or to be used by its inmates, and a careful supervision is exercised over the habits of the community. The result is stated to be an extraordinary improvement in health and morals. Sickness is scarcely known where it once raged incessantly, and among the twenty families collected in the building not more than one death occurs annually. A centre of disease and crime has been converted, at a small expense, and by the application of a few strict regulations, into a source of moral and physical improvement, and the community at the Old Brewery, we are assured, is as healthy as if it was surrounded by the pure country air.

These and various other remarkable instances related in Dr. Smith's report show that every city should enact rigid laws for the regulation of tenement-houses; that they should be kept clean, well-ventilated, and drained; that the number of their occupants should be limited; and that, by proper precautions, the health of their inmates may be preserved and made not less secure than that of their fellow-citizens. But the only complete remedy for overcrowding must be dispersion. It will not be possible to suffer any portion of the population of cities to rise to three hundred upon the square acre without injury to the welfare of the whole community; and legislators must find some means of scattering the crowds who are driven into too close proximity by the high price of land and the destruction of their former dwellings. One method has been devised with success in England, and is already applied in Boston. Every new railroad entering London is compelled to provide a penny train for the poor and laboring class at suitable hours, and great numbers of persons already avail themselves of the means of cheap travel. Massachusetts has also compelled the railroads running from Boston to furnish a morning and evening train, or suitable cars, at the rate of three dollars a mile per year for fifteen miles; and it is probable that every city will at last be obliged to enforce cheap ingress and egress for its laboring population. Dispersion is no doubt the surest remedy for the evils of a tenement-house system, and the vacant fields of Long Island or New Jersey offer sufficient room for the excess of our population, however large. Yet the laboring classes often prefer city life, and for those who remain it will be necessary to provide extensive lodging-houses, convenient, neat, and cheerful, and to break up by rigid legislation those centres of vice and disease with which dishonest landlords so often encumber our large cities.

## PERSONAL.

Among our "personals" of the 29th ult. was one briefly detailing the causes that led to the appointment of Mr. Justice Nelson to the Supreme Court of the United States. We are indebted to one of the most entertaining contributors to *Harper's Magazine*, "An Old Stager," for the following additional particulars relating to that appointment, together with other facts, hitherto unpublished, relating to the appointment of subordinate officers of the Federal courts in this State and in Pennsylvania. As to the appointment of a successor to the late Justice Smith Thompson, Judge Nelson's predecessor, the "Old Stager" says:

"John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, was the first nominee to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice Thompson. There was no question as to the qualifications of Mr. Spencer. He was an accomplished jurist, one of the most learned and experienced in the country, and generally so regarded; but the Whigs in Congress and the country, inspired by Mr. Clay, were at feud with President Tyler, and the Senate refused to concur in the nomination of Mr. Spencer, chiefly out of spite toward the Executive. Upon his rejection Mr. Ellis, then a member of Congress from the Schenectady district, having secured the promise of Chancellor Walworth to make him clerk of the Circuit Court in the event of Walworth's appointment, induced Mr. Tyler to make the nomination. There was some opposition to the Chancellor in the Senate, growing out of his supposed sympathy with the Abolitionists; but his unpopularity with the bar of New York led to an effort to procure his confirmation, in order to effect his removal from the Court of Chancery, so earnest and effective that he would certainly have passed the ordeal of that body. At this juncture Mr. Gardiner, a brother-in-law of President Tyler, learning that the clerkship of the Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York was an office of large emoluments, approached the Chancellor with a view of securing the berth. It was then ascertained that the place had been promised to Ellis. Thereupon the name of Walworth was withdrawn from the Senate, and Paxton Hallett, a well-known lawyer of this city, procured the nomination of Judge Nelson, on the condition that Mr. Gardiner should be made clerk of the Circuit Court. It was not supposed at the time that President Tyler or Judge Nelson was privy to this arrangement; but that it was made was indisputable fact, and Gardiner was appointed soon after the judge took his seat on the bench.

"The appointment of Judge Grier to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice Baldwin was coupled with a condition which the new judge avowed on taking his seat for the first time in the Circuit Court at Philadelphia was in a large degree discreditable to all the parties concerned. Mr. Hopkinson, a son of the Federal judge of that name, and a most accomplished clerk, as well as a gentleman of the highest character, held the place. Judge Grier stated at the opening of the court that he was under the necessity of removing Mr. Hopkinson and appointing George Plitt. He did it with the utmost reluctance, knowing it to be a public wrong, as well as an act of gross injustice. But Mr. Buchanan, to whom he was indebted for his place on the bench, had made it a condition of his appointment that Mr. Plitt should have the place, and he was constrained to carry out the understanding. It might be curious to inquire what view would have been taken of such a transaction by Judge Marshall, supposing one of his colleagues on the bench capable of having been concerned in it."

—Our bright ex-Congressman S. S. Cox, now traveling in the South, while at Augusta, a few days since, strolled from his hotel before breakfast to take a look at things. The following dialogue occurred:

First Colored Citizen (*to Second Colored Citizen, distant two hundred yards up street*). "You, Sam!"

Ex-M.C. (*supposing himself to be addressed*). "Hey?"

First Colored Cit. "I spoke, Sar, to *de odder* cullud pusson, up de street."

[*Exit ex-M.C.* Cox.

—Mr. John Anderson, of this city, whose tobacco has been a Solace to hundreds of thousands of masticators of that expectorating weed, has, with a liberality that is not at all surprising to those who know the man, given to Professor Agassiz the beautiful island of Pinikese, in Buzzard's Bay, which for some years has been his summer retreat, as a place for a summer school for the instruction of teachers in natural history, and has put the institution squarely upon its financial legs by a cash endowment of fifty thousand dollars. As a specimen of "fine-cut" liberality it has seldom been surpassed.

—General Butler has a mild yet expressive way of making known his views to his constituents. One of these wrote to him complaining of heavy taxes, and condemning the Salary bill. Thereupon the general made a computation, and found that the extra $5000 he had received cost on an average three cents to each tax-payer of the district. He therefore inclosed to his correspondent that sum, called it quits, and is willing to do the same with any other distressed tax-payer.

—The Grand Vizier of Persia has begun the introduction of Western manners by giving a series of entertainments to the diplomatic corps and nobility.

—The Bank of England forgeries furnish another striking illustration of the utility of the telegraph in arresting thieves in their flight with their ill-gotten gains to a remote hiding-place. A few weeks ago three Americans, with one clerk, composed a firm in London, whose credit was good for any amount with all reputable bankers in that city. On one day alone they procured a discount of £23,000; on other days they had received three times that sum. The neglect of a date disclosed the fact that all the paper upon which these large sums were paid was fictitious and worthless, and the members of the firm fled, leaving their clerk to bear the burden of their wrongs. The law has taken him into its custody in London. The senior member of the firm sought shelter in Spain, and there embarked for Cuba. The middle-man fled to Havre, and there joined a steamer for New York. The junior member took refuge in the wilds of Ireland. The proceeds of their forgeries were intrusted to the registered mails for delivery in New York. Every precaution appeared to be so well taken that capture and reclamation seemed alike impossible. Mark the result of vanity. The members of the firm were all good-looking, and they were lavish of their photographs, and so innumerable *aliases* were detected. The telegraph reproduced the photographs at every steamer port in Europe, and it brought to this city on the same day on which they were taken in London full affidavits of the frauds. Skillful detectives, with the verbal photographs in their hands, watched the New York and Havana steamers, and ere they were moored the fleeing partners were arrested and held in the iron grip of the inexorable law. The registered mails on legal inspection completed the proofs of the forgery, and within thirteen days from the time when the fraud was discovered the law had quietly taken possession of its perpetrators and their coveted prize.

—The will of Napoleon the Third has been proved in England. His personal property is sworn at under £120,000, and this he leaves to the Empress without reserve. To the Prince Imperial there is only one bequest, we are told—the imperial crown. If this be true, we have here a certain violation of the *idée Napoléonienne*, according to which any Bonaparte may govern who is called by the voice of the people. And the Emperor's will is in this respect an important manifesto to the imperialists. It is a message to the friends of Prince Napoleon.

—Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, of this city, an artist of talent and culture, spent the summer of 1871 in the beautiful region of Oberammergau, where every ten years the celebrated "Passion Play" is represented. The result of her studies is a beautiful volume of etchings, called *The Homes of Oberammergau*, published in Munich by Joseph Albert, and in New York by Putnam's Sons. A copy of the work was presented to the King of Bavaria, whose taste in art is well known. His Majesty acknowledged the gift, through his private secretary, in a very complimentary note, accompanied with a handsome collection of works illustrated by Kaulbach, "in remembrance of the dear happy days spent in Bavaria."

—Rembrandt Peale's celebrated painting of "Washington before Yorktown" has been presented by the heirs of the artist to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, to embellish the mansion of Washington. The money value of the gift is $10,000.

—If any of our readers are desirous of seeing an assemblage of men of mark and a tribunal of the highest grade, let them drop into the new Court-house any morning during the next two weeks and look at the high Court of Appeals of the State of New York, presided over by Chief Justice Church, associated with Justices Allen, Peckham, Grover, Rapallo, Folger, and Andrews.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Senator Alexander Caldwell, of Kansas, resigned his seat, March 24, while a charge of corruption was pending against him. Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, proposed in the Senate, March 24, a bill for the appointment of a select committee to report at the next session what further legislation is necessary to guard the postal service against interruption or injury by hostile action on the part of the railroads. The matter was laid over. On motion of Mr. Morton, the Senate passed a unanimous resolution of congratulation to the government of Spain for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico. The committee investigating the allegations against Senator Bogy were discharged from further consideration of the case, March 25, for the reason that the charges were not sustained. Senator Powell Clayton was also acquitted. General J. B. Gordon, the ex-Confederate soldier, presided over the Senate the same day. Ex-Senator Patterson's pamphlet explaining his connection with Crédit Mobilier is to be printed with the full report. The Treasurer and the Secretary of the Interior are requested to report to the next United States Senate what amount of bonds has been issued by or on the credit of the Central Pacific Railway as a first mortgage or lien, and their dates. On March 26 the extra session of the Senate was concluded.

Under the provisions of the new school law for this city Mayor Havemeyer has appointed the following Commissioners: Jacob D. Vermilye, Eugene Kelly, John Crosby Brown, Henry P. West, Robert Hoe, Rudolph A. Witthaus, James W. Farr, Andrew J. Mathewson, William Dowd, Samuel P. Patterson, Albert Klamroth, James M. Halsted, Joseph Seligman, Charles C. Lewis, William H. Neilson, David Wetmore, Albon P. Man, Randolph W. Townsend, Rufus G. Beardslee, Edward O. Jenkins, James Cushing, Jun.

The Virginia Legislature has indorsed Governor Walker's plan for the assumption by the Federal government of the debts of the Southern States.

Ex-United States Senator Dixon, of Hartford, Connecticut, died March 27.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has appropriated $1,000,000 for the Centennial Exhibition.

William M. Tweed, being pressed very hard by the Senatorial investigating committee, and possibly fearing its disclosures, resigned his seat in the Senate March 27. The committee was then dismissed.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons, March 24, that the vote of supply for the Geneva award would not be proposed during the present financial year. The Premier is reported to have said at the Lord Mayor's banquet the other evening that the ministry had had a fall and a recovery, and were not ashamed of either.

The Spanish Cortes dissolved amidst great excitement, March 22, immediately after the passage of the Porto Rico bill abolishing slavery. It is reported in Madrid that Prince Bismarck and the governments of Austria and Russia withhold recognition of the Spanish republic on the ground that it does not represent the will of the Assembly that proclaimed it. The Spanish garrison at Barcelona is in open mutiny. Don Carlos has abdicated his claim to the throne in favor of his son.

According to the St. Petersburg *Golos*, the only issue of the Khivan expedition must be the complete and unconditional submission of the Khanate to Russian authority.

Lieutenant-General Pieltan is to be Captain-General of Cuba, and General Primo de Rivero Captain-General of Porto Rico.

Marshal Bazaine is to be released on parole.

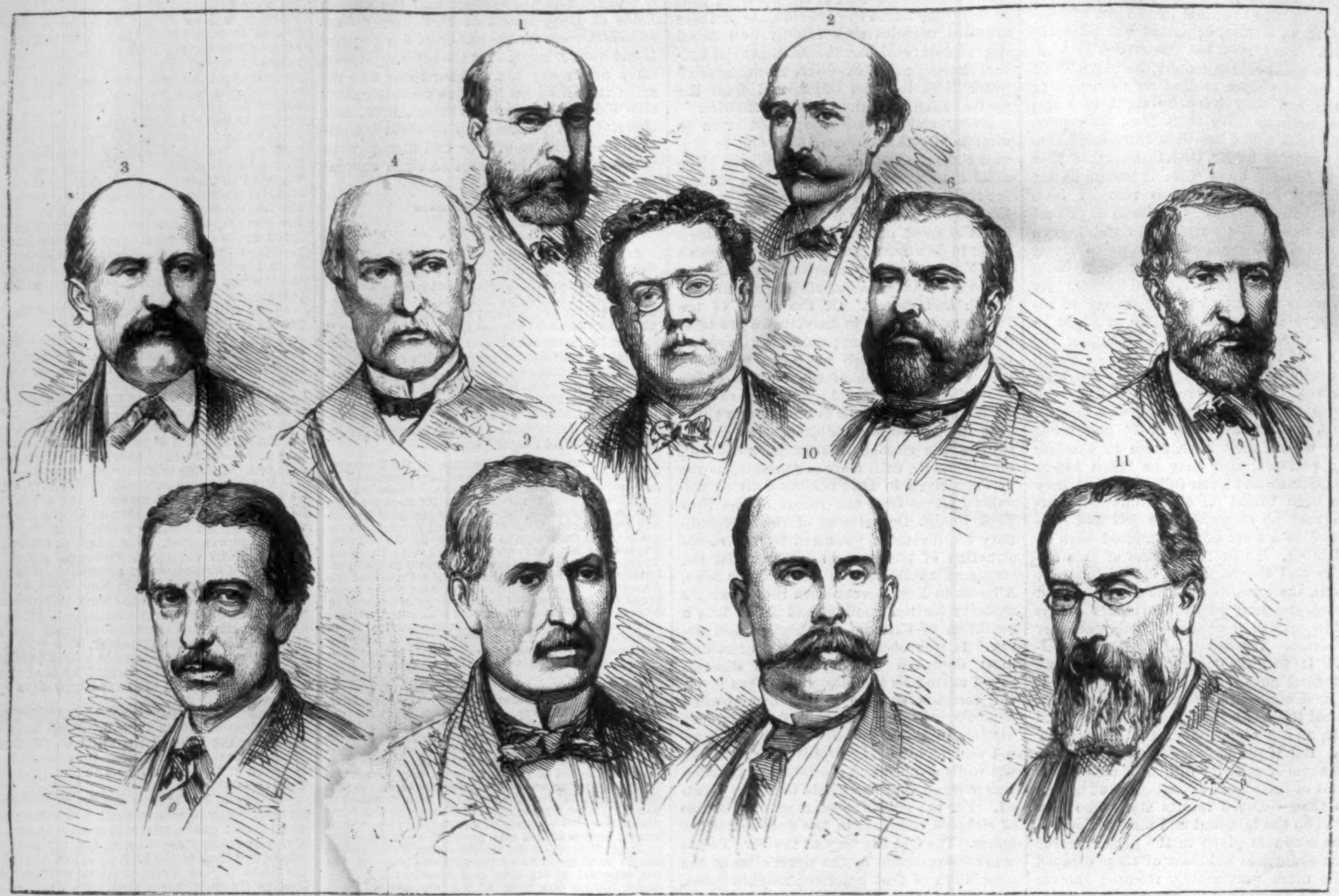
Count Bernstorff, the German embassador to Great Britain, died in London March 26.

A contract has been signed for a cable to run between Portugal and the United States.

The French courts in the case of the Memphis and El Paso Railway have condemned General Fremont in *contumaciam* to five years' imprisonment. Other defendants were arrested as they were leaving court.

The Prefect of the Lower Pyrenees has been ordered by President Thiers to arrest Don Carlos wherever found.

The Countess Guiccioli is dead, as is also the French historian M. Amédée-Simon-Dominique Thierry.

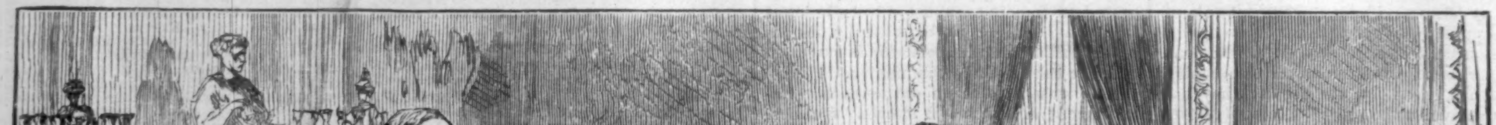


1. Señor Francisco Salmeron y Alonzo. 2. Señor Echegaray. 3. Señor Nicolas Salmeron y Alonzo. 4. Señor Rivero. 5. Señor Martos. 6. General Cordova. 7. Señor Becerra. 8. Señor Pi y Margall. 9. Señor Figueras. 10. Señor Castelar. 11. Señor Beranger.

LEADING MEN OF THE NEW SPANISH REPUBLIC.

## THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

When King Amadeus resolved to abdicate his crown, it would appear that he did not leave Spain absolutely without arrangements for her future government. The insults and humiliations to which he had been subjected for two years having been instigated principally by the partisans of the various royalist pretenders to the throne, he turned to the republican chiefs, who had treated him with comparative civility, not because they loved him, but because they plainly perceived that the Savoy dynasty had no root in the country, and would speedily wither away. The king gave them three days' warning of his intentions, the conservative chiefs being thus taken by surprise. Moreover, the temper of the army was a question of great uncertainty, so that when the king formally resigned, the Cortes had really no alternative except the republic and civil war. It must be remembered that an average Spaniard regards the abstract idea of a republic more coolly and practically than his neighbors to the north of the Pyrenees, to whom the word conveys something ineffably magical and mysterious. The Spaniard has close relations with numerous American cousins living under this sort of institution, and he understands the nature of the Spanish-American republics pretty well—namely, that they are rickety affairs, yet possessed of a wonderful amount of vitality. It is not necessary here to do more than indicate the course of events in Spain since the proclamation of the republic. The military conscription, a very unpopular institution in the Peninsula, was abolished, and arms were dis-



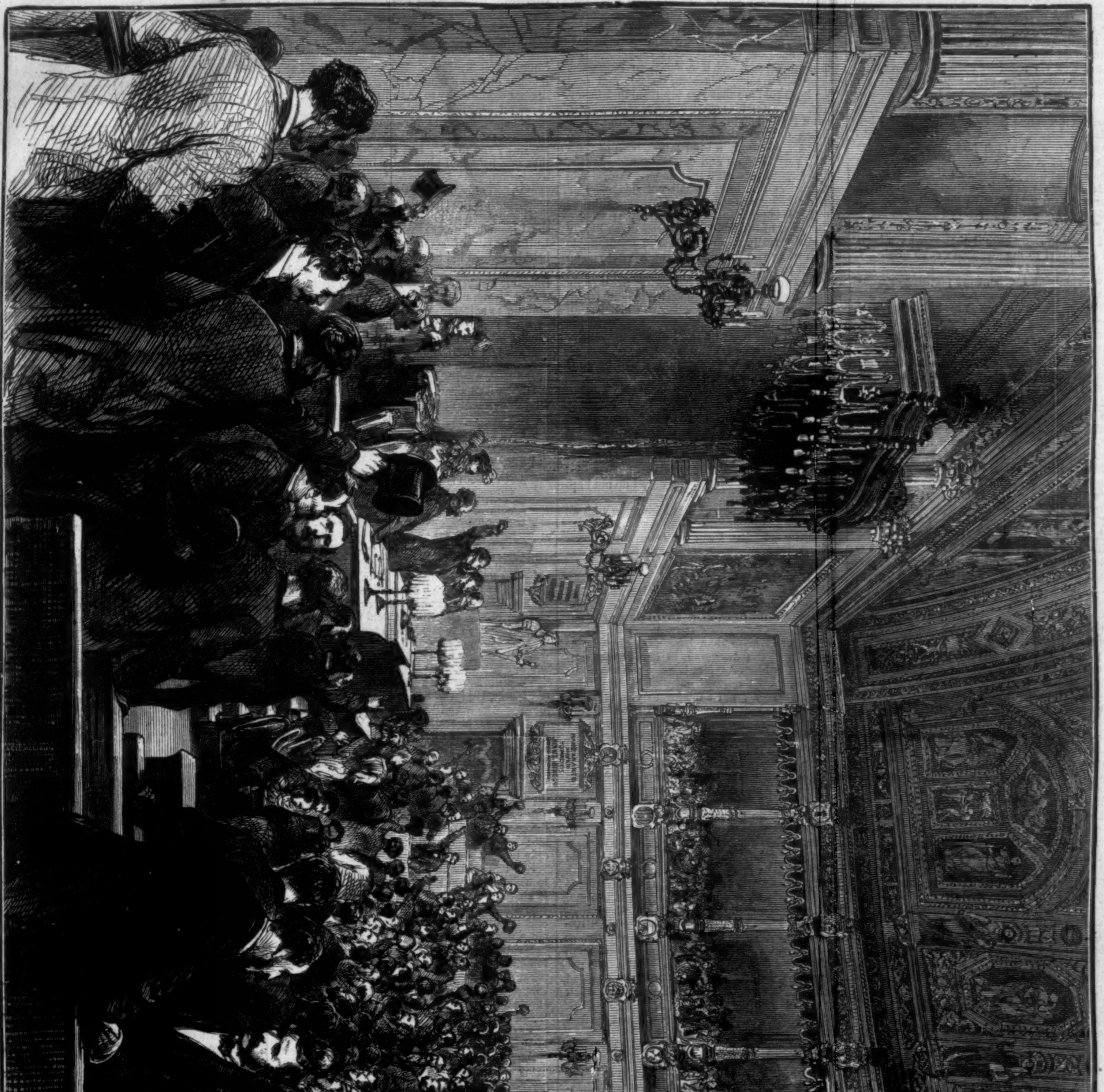
GENERAL SICKLES, THE AMERICAN EMBASSADOR, CONGRATULATING SEÑOR FIGUERAS ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

tributed to the populace, who presently afterward took advantage of their newly gained power to indicate to the ministry that it was not republican enough, and must reconstitute itself. The Cortes obeyed these orders, being assured by Castelar that the alternative was insurrection and possibly massacre.

The first engraving on the preceding page contains a group of portraits of some of the notable persons connected with the recent movement. To Americans the most interesting of these gentlemen are Señors Castelar and Figueras, the latter of whom is President of the republic. Castelar is described as a man of forty-eight years of age, and of commanding appearance. He is extraordinarily eloquent, but is said to be wanting in practicality. President Figueras is a tall, handsome man of forty, with a face of great earnestness. His health is reported to be delicate, yet he imposes on himself work which he should depute to a secretary, devoting the hours from seven to eleven to seeing all comers—peasants, place-hunters, and so forth—one after another. Rivero was the President of the Cortes when the vote for the republic was taken. He has since been succeeded by Señor Martos. Like Figueras, Pi y Margall is a lawyer, and is in his profession perhaps more talented than the President. The four radical ministers who retired in favor of thorough-going republicans were Señors Cordova, Echegaray, Beranger, and Becerra, who respectively resigned the portfolios of War, Finance, Marine, and Public Works. Señor Nicolas Salmeron is Minister of Justice, and Señor Francisco Salmeron is Colonial Minister.

Another picture shows General Sickles, United States minister to Spain, congratulating President Figueras on the establishment of the republic. This event took place February 15, when our minister was received by the Spanish ministry in full state. Carriages were sent to escort himself and his suit. On reaching the Presidency the band of the Engineers struck up the American national air, while the volunteer band played the *Marseillaise*. In the grand saloon were all the ministers in gala dress. Then General Sickles spoke, saying that the experience of the United States showed that free institutions were best calculated to further the progress of nations, and congratulated the President on the establishment of a republic in the empire of Ferdinand and Isabella. Señor Figueras made a most eloquent reply, and then General Sickles, having presented his secretaries to the ministers, said that the words he had uttered were no mere form, but the loyal expression of the sentiments of the American people.

The engraving on this page represents the interior of the Cortes on the evening when the formal vote establishing the republic was declared, and received with great cheering and other demonstrations of enthusiasm.



THE NEW RÉGIME IN SPAIN—PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC IN THE CORTES AT MADRID, FEBRUARY 11, 9 P.M.

# STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book the First.

### CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

They had walked on toward the gate while they were talking. They now stood close beside it, Elizabeth with one bare hand clasping the topmost bar, as if she meant to hinder the curate's exit till she had extorted the recantation of his vow.

There was a little pause after her last speech. Malcolm Forde stood looking downward, thinking of what she had said—thinking of it with a passionate delight which was new and strange to his soul, a rapture which had been no element in his love of Alice Fraser. Suddenly he took the hand that hung loosely by Elizabeth's side.

"If I were weak enough, mad enough, to prefer my own happiness to the call of duty, I should stay here," he said; "you ought to know that."

"I know nothing except that you have been hard and cruel to me always, in spite of all my feeble endeavors to please you," answered the girl, with a faint touch of the pettishness common to undisciplined beauty.

"Your endeavors to please me!" he repeated. "Could I think you valued my opinion? If I had imagined that—if I could have supposed, for one presumptuous moment, that you loved me—"

"If you could have supposed!" she cried, impatiently. "You must have known that I loved you, that I hated myself for loving you, that I hated you for not loving me."

No swift answer came from his lips, but she was clasped in his arms, held close against his heart, his passionate heart, which had never beaten thus until this moment.

"My darling, my darling!" he said at last, in the lowest, fondest tones that ever stole from a lover's lips. "I never knew what passionate love meant till I knew you."

"Not when you loved Alice Fraser?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Not even for my sweet Alice. I loved her because she was as good as she was beautiful, because to love her seemed the nearest way to heaven. I love you even when you seem to lead me away from heaven."

"Because I am so wicked," she said, with a shade of bitterness.

"No, darling; only because you are not utterly perfect; because to love you is to be too fond of this sweet world, to be less eager for heaven. Oh, my dearest, what a slave you can make of me! But beware of this passionate love which you have kindled in a heart that tried so hard to shut you out. It is jealous and exacting, tyrannic, perilous—perilous for you and for me. It is of the earth, earthy. I love you too much for the sake of your beauty, too much for the magic of those lovely eyes that seem sweeter to me than summer starlight."

"And if something were to happen to me that would spoil my good looks forever, you would leave off loving me, I suppose," she said.

"No, dearest, you would still be Elizabeth. There is a nameless, indefinable charm which would be left even if your beauty had perished."

"Then you do not love me for the sake of my beauty?" she asked, persistently, as if she were bent on plucking out the heart of his mystery.

"Not now, perhaps; but I fear it was that which won me. I never meant to love you, remember, Elizabeth. No battle was ever harder fought than mine against my own heart and you, nor ever a battle lost more ignominiously," he added, with a faint sigh.

"Thank Heaven it is lost!" she said; "not for my sake—I will not claim so unwilling a victim—but for your own. You will not go to the Antipodes to be eaten by savages?"

"Not if you offer me the supremest earthly happiness at home. I will try to do some good in my generation, and yet be happy. I will forget that I ever had any higher aspiration than to tread the beaten tracks. I will try to be useful in my small way—at home."

This half regretfully, even with her bright head resting on his shoulder, her lovely eyes looking up at him with an almost worshiping fondness.

"And you will help me to lead a good life, will you not, Elizabeth?" he asked, earnestly.

"I will be your slave," she said, with a strange blending of scorn and pride—scorn of herself, intensest pride in him. "I will be your dog, to fetch and carry; the veriest drudge in your parish work, if you like. I can fancy our life: in the dreariest parsonage that was ever built; a wild waste of marsh and fen round about us; a bleak straggling street of hovels for our town; not a decent habitation within ten miles of us, only the poor with their perpetual wants and ailments and afflictions. I can fancy all this, and yet my life would be spent in paradise—with you!"

Sweet fooling in which lovers delight! Doubly sweet to Malcolm Forde, to whom it was so new.

"My dearest and best," he said, smiling at her enthusiasm, "I will forgive you the marshes and fens; that is to say, we will not go out of our way to find them. But we will go wherever we are most wanted."

"To a nice manufacturing town, for instance, where there will be a perpetual odor of soap-boiling and size-making, and soot blowing in at all our windows."

"Perhaps to such a town, darling; but I would find you a nest beyond the odors of soap-boiling."

"Or if you have set your heart on a mission to the Dog-rib Indians, or the Maoris, or the Japanese, I will go with you. Why should I have less courage than that noble creature, Lady Baker? Indeed, on reflection, I think I should rather like such an adventurous existence. If one could go about in a yacht, now, and convert the heathen, it would be really nice."

"I will not risk a life so precious to me. No, dearest, we will be content with a narrower sphere. After all, perhaps a clergyman who has a wife may be of more use than a bachelor in an English parish; she can be such a valuable ally if she chooses, almost a second self."

"I will choose to be any thing that you order me to be," she answered, confidently.

"But, oh, my darling, are you really in earnest?" he asked, in his gravest tone, scrutinizing the upturned face with a serious, searching gaze. "For pity's sake, Elizabeth, do not fool me! You have told me that you are fitful and inconstant. If—if—this love, which fills my soul with such a fond delight, which changes the whole scheme of my existence in a moment—if, on your part, it is only a brief fancy, born perhaps of the very idleness and emptiness of your life, let us forget every word that we have said. You can trust me, darling, I shall not think less of you for being self-deluded. Consider in time whether it is possible for you to change; whether the kind of life which you speak of so lightly would not really seem dismal and unendurable to you when you found yourself pledged to go on living it to the end of your days; whether there is not in your heart some hankering for worldly pleasures and worldly triumphs: a longing which might grow into a regret when you had lost all hope of them forever. To marry me is to accept a life that must be lived chiefly for others. My wife must be a lay Sister of Charity."

"Have I not told you that I will be your slave?" she answered. And then withdrawing herself suddenly from his arms, "Oh, I begin to understand," she said, with a deeply wounded air: "it is I who have been offering myself to you, not you to me, and you are trying to find a polite mode of rejection. Why are you not more candid? Why not humiliate me at once by saying, 'Really, Miss Luttrell, your readiness to sacrifice yourself is most obliging, only I do not happen to want you?'"

"Elizabeth, you know that I love you with all my heart and mind."

"Do you? No, I can not believe it; I have wished it too much no one ever obtained any thing so ardently wished for. It is not in nature that I should be so happy."

"If there is any happiness in being assured of my love, drink the draught freely. It is, and has been yours almost since the beginning of our acquaintance."

"There is more than happiness, there is intoxication!" she answered, in her fervent, unmeasured fashion. "Not because you are handsome," she went on, with an arch smile; "for in that respect I am superior to you. It was not your face that won me. I love you because you seem to me so much above all other men; because you have dominion over me, in fact. I did not think it could be so sweet to have a master."

"Say, rather, a guide and counselor, dearest. There shall be no question of dominion between us. I want your life to be as happy as mine will be in the possession of your love."

"But I insist upon your being my master!" she answered, impetuously. "I am not a creature to be guided or counseled; see how little influence papa has ever exercised over me with his mild bewailings and lamentings, or Gertrude with her everlasting sermonizing. Believe me, I must be commanded by a being stronger than myself. Even my love for you is slavish. See how little value I could have set upon my dignity as a woman when I came out here to-night to make my supplication to you. But I did not mean to betray myself. I only meant to plead for the people of Hawleigh. You will not think me too contemptible, will you, Malcolm?"

The name was half whispered. It was the first time she had ever pronounced it.

"Contemptible!" A lingering kiss upon the broad white brow made the rest of his answer.

How long this kind of talk might have lasted is an open question, but at this moment Elizabeth's quick ear caught the sound of a footstep on the high-road.

"It is papa, perhaps," she said, nervously. "Oh, please go."

"If you wish it, darling. But I may tell him every thing to-morrow, may I not?"

"To-morrow! That is so very sudden."

"There can be no reason for delay, dear. Of course our marriage is an event in the future. I am not going to hasten that unduly. Though, as far as worldly matters go, I am in a position to marry to-morrow. But there should be no delay in letting your father know of our engagement."

"I suppose not. Our engagement! How strange that sounds! Do you really mean it, or will you write me a little note to-morrow morning recalling your ill-advised expressions of to-night?"

"Such a note is more likely to come from you than from me. But one word, darling. What about this visit to Mrs. Chevenix? It can be put off, can it not, now?"

"I hardly think so; auntie has made all her preparations for me."

"They can not involve much."

"She would be so disappointed, and papa so angry; and there are my expectations, you know. One can not fly in the face of fortune."

"My wife must be independent of expectations, dear. And London gayeties are not the best preparation for life in a parsonage among the fens."

"Do you think not? I shall find out how hollow and empty such pleasures are, and learn to despise them."

"That is according to circumstances. But as a matter of personal feeling, I would rather you did not go."

"I only wish it were possible to slip out of the engagement, but I don't think it is; Aunt Chevenix is so easily offended."

"Offend her, then, dear, for once in a way."

Elizabeth shook her head hopelessly. After the money that had been spent upon her dresses it would seem something worse than folly not to wear them. They might have served for her trousseau, perhaps, but she doubted if so much flouncing and trimming on the garments of a country clergyman's wife would have satisfied Malcolm Forde's sense of the fitness of things. There was a white tulle dotted about with tea-roses, a masterpiece of Miss March's, which she thought of with a tender regretfulness. Oh, the dresses ought really to be worn; and what a pity to offend Aunt Chevenix for nothing!

"Very well," said Mr. Forde. "I see my tyranny is not to begin yet a while. If you must go, dear, you must. But it seems rather hard that our betrothal should be inaugurated by a separation."

"It will only be for a few weeks. And I am not going till the end of the month."

The footstep had approached and had passed the Vicarage gate. It was not the step of Mr. Luttrell, but of some bulky farmer walking briskly toward his homestead.

"Good-night, dearest!" said Malcolm Forde, suddenly awakened to the recollection that it was a cold March night, and that Elizabeth was beginning to shiver. "How inconsiderate of me to keep you standing in the open air so long! Shall I take you back to the hall door?"

"Oh no; my sisters might see us, and wonder. I will run round by the orchard, and go in the back way."

"Very well, dear. They shall have no ground for wonderment after to-morrow. Good-night."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"For Destiny does not like
To yield to men the helm,
And shoots his thoughts by hidden nerves
Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Dæmon sits
With roses and a shroud;
He has his way, and deals his gifts—
But ours is not allowed."

Very little slumber came to the eyelids of Elizabeth that night. She had spent many a sleepless night of late; nights of tossing to and fro, and weary longing for the late-coming dawn; nights full of thought and wonder about the dim, strange future, and what it held for her; nights full of visions of triumphs and pleasures to come, or of sad longing for one dearer delight which was never to be hers—the love of that one man whom she loved.

Very different were her thoughts and visions to-night. He loved her. The one unspeakable blessing which she had for a long time deemed unattainable had dropped into her lap. He loved her, and she had given herself to him for ever and ever. No more vague dreams of the triumphs that were to be won by her beauty, no more half-childish imaginings of pleasures and glories awaiting her in the world she knew not. On the very threshold of that dazzling region, just when success seemed certainty, Love closed the gate, and she was to remain without, in the bleaker, drearier world she knew, brightened only by that dear companionship.

She had told him that the most dismal home to which he could take her would be a paradise, if shared with him; and she believed that it would be so. Yet being a creature made up of opposites, she could not let the old dream go without a pang.

"From my very childhood I have fancied that something wonderful would happen to me, something as brilliant and unexpected as the fate of Cinderella: and it all ends by my marrying a curate!" she said to herself, half wonderingly. "But then he is not like the common herd of curates, he is not like the common herd of mankind. It is an honor to worship him."

And then by-and-by she thought:

"I wish I had been a Russian empress, and he my serf. What a delight to have chosen him from his base-born brotherhood, and placed him beside me upon the throne; to have recognized all that makes him noble, in spite of his surroundings; to have been able to say, 'I give you my heart and soul, and all this northern world!'"

An empress could afford to make a bad match. It was a bad match. Even with all the glamour of this new delight upon her, she did not attempt to disguise this fact.

"I am glad he has money of his own," she mused. "We can at least have a nicely furnished house—what a comfort to have modern furniture after our ancient rubbish!—and silver like papa's. And I dare say Malcolm will give me money enough to dress nicely, in a simple parson's-wifeish way. I shall have to work very hard in his parish, of course, but it will be for his sake, and that will sweeten every thing."

She thought of Lord Paulyn, and smiled to herself at the idea of his disappointment. Now that she had plighted her faith to some one else, she felt very sure that the Viscount had been desperately in love with her, and had only waited, with the insolence of rank and wealth, his own good time for telling her of his love. It would be not unamusing, if she met him in London, to lead him on a little, to the point of an offer even, and then crush him by the information that she was "engaged." And it would be still more agreeable some day in the happy future, when she was Malcolm Forde's wife, to tell her husband how she had refused a coronet for his sake.

She remembered that foolish wager of her pearl necklace. Diana was welcome to the bauble, and even to any touch of spiteful triumph which she might feel in her sister's acceptance of so humble a destiny. "But they can hardly crow over me if Lord Paulyn mak[illegible] an offer, and I refuse him," she said to he[illegible].

Was she not utterly happy in the first flush of her victory, having won the thing she had longed for? Almost utterly, perhaps, but even with the intoxication of that delight there was mingled a vague notion that she had been foolish, that the world—her own small world—would laugh at her. She had carried her head so high, had protested not once, but a hundred times, that, come what come might, she would never throw herself away upon a curate. What a storm of anger and ridicule must she needs encounter from Mrs. Chevenix, whenever that worldly-wise matron should be informed of her infatuated conduct! That defiant spirit, which so often had flouted the Chevenix, quailed and shrunk to-night at the thought of the stormy scene that was likely to follow such a revelation.

"But surely I am the mistress of myself," she thought. "It is myself I am giving away. And papa is not up to his eyes in debt, or in danger of dying in a work-house unless I make a rich marriage. And if I am a little better-looking than my sisters, and the sort of girl people say ought to make a success in life, is that any reason why I should not be happy my own way, unutterably happy with the man I love so dearly, and to be loved by whom is like the beginning of a new life?"

It will be seen, therefore, that even in the hour of victory Elizabeth was not unconscious of having thrown herself away. She had been miserable without Mr. Forde's love; but she was quite aware of the price her devotion to him was to cost her. The phantasmal opera-box and town-house and country-seats, and carriages and saddle-horses, faded slowly from before her eyes, like a ghostly procession of this world's brightest glories, melting forever into shadow-land. The worldly half of her soul suffered a pang at parting with these pomps and vanities.

"They do not constitute happiness, I know," she reflected; "but I have thought of them so long as a part of my future life that it does seem just a little difficult to imagine my life without them."

And then she remembered the dark eyes looking down at hers; the grave low voice speaking words of love, sweeter words than she had ever thought to hear from the lips of Malcolm Forde. She remembered these things, and the pomps and vanities seemed as nothing when weighed against them.

"Thank God that he loves me!" she said to herself. "What do I care if other people are disappointed or malicious? I will be happy my own way."

In spite of this resolution she felt strangely nervous next morning at breakfast, when she met the family circle, about which there seemed somehow to be a lurking air of suspicion, though nobody could have reason to suspect. She had slipped quietly in from her nocturnal excursion, and had gone up to her own room unobserved, whence she sent a message to the drawing-room by one of the servants to the effect that she had a headache, and could not come down to prayers.

"I hope your headache is gone," said Diana, with the lukewarm solicitude of a relative.

"Thanks; yes, I think so."

"A headache is scarcely a subject for thought," remarked Gertrude; "one has or one has not a headache."

"There are such things as nervous headaches," said Elizabeth, carelessly.

"Which I have always regarded as another name for affectation," replied Gertrude.

"But you're not eating a crumb, Lizzie," exclaimed Blanche; "and you're so pale, and have such a heavy look about the eyes."

"I did not sleep much last night; and as for breakfast, I have always considered it a most uninviting meal—perpetual eggs and rashers, and dry toast and Dundee marmalade. Give me another cup of tea, please, Gerty; I am feverishly thirsty. And I am sure, if we are on the subject of looks, I can not congratulate you on your appearance this morning; you look as if you had been crying half the night."

Gertrude flushed crimson at this accusation.

"I do not deny that Mr. Forde's announcement of last night was a blow to me," she said. "We have worked so long together, and I had learned to look upon him almost as a brother."

Elizabeth smiled to herself as she looked into her tea-cup. She was wondering how Gertrude would like to look upon him quite as a brother—that is to say, a brother-in-law.

"The idea of his going out as a missionary!" exclaimed Blanche, spreading marmalade on her bread-and-butter. "It sounds Low-Church, somehow, to me."

"I wonder what his successor will be like?" speculated Diana. "Good-looking and gentleman-like, I trust."

"And not a horrid married man with a herd of brats," said the flippant Blanche.

"Blanche, I do not consider it consistent either with Christian principles or the preservation of your health to put marmalade on your bread-and-butter to such an extent as you are doing!" said Gertrude, with a housekeeper's eye to waste.

"I suppose we shall see no more of Mr. Forde till just as he is going away, and then perhaps we shall only get his card with P.P.C. in the corner," remarked Diana, listlessly. She had already begun to put Mr. Forde out of her mind, as a thing of the past.

Elizabeth smiled again, with bent head, a happy, triumphant smile: the smile of a heart which held no regret for a possible coronet—a heart which was filled to the very brim with love for Malcolm Forde, and joyful pride in having won him. She was thinking how soon they were likely to see him again, and how often. He was hers now, her vassal. Yes, he, the saint, the demi-god, had assumed an earthly bondage. She had talked, in her foolish, childish rapture of being his slave, but she meant to make him hers.

"I wish I could get out of the visit to auntie, as he wishes," she thought. "If Blanche could go in my place, for instance. But my dresses wouldn't fit Blanche; and perhaps it would be as well for me to see the world a little before I bid good-by to it, drain the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and find out how vapid the draught is."

This was an easy way of settling the question; but the fact is that Elizabeth Luttrell, having looked forward during the last four years to the unknown delights of a London season, was hardly disposed to relinquish so much pleasure even for the sake of the man she loved better than all the rest of the world. She was a girl who thought she had a right to obtain every thing she wished for, and even to serve two masters if she pleased.

She appeared unusually restless during the interval between breakfast and luncheon; wandered out into the garden and orchard, and came back to the house with her hair blown about by the bleak March wind; sat down to the piano, when that instrument was available, and sang a little and played a little in her usual desultory manner; took up a book from the table, only to fling it down impatiently five minutes afterward; and every now and then went to the window, and stood looking absently across the lawn.

"One would suppose you expected somebody, Lizzie," said Diana, "you do fidget so abominably, and stare out of the window so continually."

"You may suppose it, if you like."

"Has Lord Paulyn come back to Ashcombe?"

"I know nothing of his lordship's movements."

"Indeed! I thought he was about the only person in whom you were interested, and I began to think you had received private intelligence, and were on the watch for him."

"I am not on the watch for him, nor do I care if I never see him again."

"What a change! But how about your wager in that case?"

"My wager! what, the pearl necklace, you mean? Of course you knew that was the merest nonsense."

"What! are you going to back out of it? I thought it was a serious challenge."

"Take the necklace if you like. I don't think I shall ever wear it, and I have other things of poor mamma's."

"But does that mean that you confess yourself beaten—that you promised more than you feel yourself able to perform?"

"Have it so, if you like. You put me in a passion that night, and I said any thing only to annoy you. But I shall never be Lord Paulyn's wife."

"What a death-blow for poor auntie! She had set her heart upon having a niece in the peerage. Her *Debrett* would have opened of its own accord—like the book Thackeray speaks of—at the article Paulyn."

The sisters were dawdling over their luncheon when they heard a footstep on the gravel, and anon a ring at the hall door. Blanche, the agile, dashed to a window in time to recognize the visitor.

"Now whoever do you suppose it is, girls?" she cried; "guess."

Nobody appeared able to solve the enigma, although Elizabeth's fast-beating heart told her the visitor's name.

"Mr. Forde!" cried Blanche.

"He has come to tell papa, no doubt," said Gertrude, with a hasty survey of the table, to see that the mid-day meal made a respectable appearance; and then going straightway to the dining-room door, to intercept the visitor, "Papa is in his study, dear Mr. Forde," she said, shaking hands with him; "but do come in first and have a little luncheon.—Blanche, ring for some fresh cutlets."

"No, thank you, Miss Luttrell. I never take any luncheon. And I do particularly want to see the vicar."

"But I told him every thing, and he is so grieved."

"I don't think you can have told quite every thing," with a stolen look at Elizabeth, who was standing just within the doorway, and a little smile, "and I hope we shall be able to overcome his grief. I will go to him at once, and look in upon you young ladies in the drawing-room afterward."

"Now, remember, we shall expect you," said Gertrude, with her reverential air, hardly sorry that he had been proof against the temptation of the hot cutlet, which had been a somewhat speculative offer, since there might or might not be a section of the "best end of the neck" in reserve in the larder.

"What delightful manners!" she said, as she went back to her place at the table; "no assumption of goodness, no consciousness of possessing a loftier nature than the common herd."

"Why, you wouldn't have him stalking about in a surplice, or expounding the Scriptures on the door-step, would you, Gerty?" cried the irreverent Blanche. "I don't see why sinners should be the only people with decent manners."

"Hold your tongue, child; you are incapable of understanding such a nature as his. You can gaze upon that saintly brow without one thrill of emotion."

"I certainly shouldn't offer mutton-cutlets to people with saintly brows; I have more sense of the fitness of things," replied the uncrushable youngest.

Elizabeth said nothing. She was subject to long lapses of silence in the company of her sisters. They were so little worth the trouble of conversation. And now she had sweet thoughts that filled her mind while they were babbling, a new wealth of happiness. He had come to speak to her father, to offer himself as her husband, and afterward he would come to the drawing-room, and she would know the result.

"Suppose papa should reject him?" she thought, with alarm. "I know how Aunt Chevenix preached to him about Lord Paulyn, and the brilliant future before me. But, thank Heaven, papa is not mercenary; so long as he is not disappointed in his dinners, he is sure to take things easily."

The four girls repaired to the drawing-room soon after this, and Gertrude skirmished round the room, making a clearance of litter—books that had been flung down any where, work-baskets overturned, flying sheets of music; and having done this, seated herself at her own particular little table, with its neatly kept Dorcas basket, and began to tear calico. Elizabeth subsided into her favorite chair by the fire, and did nothing, after her wont—nothing, except look at the clock on the mantel-piece every now and then, wondering how long the interview would last.

"What a time they are!" Blanche exclaimed at last, with a yawn. "I should have thought, as papa knew all about it, they'd have made shorter work of the business."

"If you would employ yourself, Blanche, you would have less time for idle speculations of that kind," said Gertrude, severely; "but the whole weight of the Dorcas basket is allowed to fall on my shoulders."

"That's the worst of being born too good for this world, my dear Gerty; people are sure to impose upon you."

The door was opened at this moment, and Mr. Forde came in, and crossed the room to Elizabeth's place by the fire, and planted himself on the hearth-rug by her side, towering above her as she sat in her low chair, and looking down at her with a tender smile. The sisters stared at him wonderingly. There was an air of appropriation in the manner of his greeting, grave and subdued as it was.

"All has ended happily," he said, in a low voice, as they shook hands. "You will meet with no opposition from your father."

"Have you told papa every thing?" asked Gertrude, watching the two with jealous eyes.

"Every thing."

"And he is very sorry, is he not?"

"A little disappointed perhaps, but hardly sorry."

"Disappointed, yes, of course. He had hoped you would stay with us at least three years. How I wish he could have persuaded you to change your mind!"

"Suppose I have changed my mind?" said Mr. Forde, smiling at her anxiety. "Suppose I have found an influence powerful enough to make me forego my most cherished ambition?"

"I don't quite understand," faltered Gertrude, looking from him to Elizabeth with a blank, dismayed look. "You seemed to have made up your mind so completely last night. What can have happened since then to make you waver?"

"Wonderful things have happened to me since last night. All my thoughts and dreams have undergone a revolution. I have discovered that a life at home can be sweeter to me than I ever dreamed it could be—till last night; and it must be my endeavor to find a useful career for myself at home."

Gertrude grew deadly pale. Yes, she understood it all now. He was looking down at Elizabeth while he spoke—looking down at her with love unspeakable. It was clear enough now. Elizabeth was to have this priceless boon flung into her lap—Elizabeth, who had done nothing to deserve it.

"I want you to accept me as your brother, Gertrude," said Mr. Forde; "and you, Diana, and you, Blanche. I mean to do my best to supply the place of the brother you have never had."

"There was the baby," said Blanche, with a matter-of-fact air: "such a poor wee thing!—christened Wilmot Chevenix Trelawney, and died half an hour afterward. Such a waste of good family names!"

Mr. Forde held out his hand as he made this offer of brotherly affection, but no one took it. Diana gave a little laugh, and got up from her seat to look out of the window. Gertrude stood like a statue, looking at the curate.

"You seem surprised by my news, Miss Luttrell," he said at last, struck by her singular manner.

"I am more than surprised," said Gertrude, "after the things I have heard my sister say—after some things that you have said yourself, too. However, I suppose one ought never to be surprised at any thing in this world. I hope you may be happy, Mr. Forde; but I do not remember ever having heard of so unsuitable a match."

She said this with calm deliberation, having just sufficient self-command to keep the tempest of angry feelings pent up in her breast for the moment; and having delivered herself of this opinion, left the room.

"It will be for us to find out that, won't it, Lizzie?" said the curate, looking after her wonderingly. "Your eldest sister hardly accepts our new relationship in so pleasant a spirit as I hoped she would have shown toward me."

"Perhaps she wanted you for herself," said Elizabeth, with a scornful laugh. "She has made no secret of worshiping you."

"Diana, Blanche, we are to be good friends, I hope?" This with a kind of appeal to the two others, who this time responded warmly enough.

"Believe me, there is no one we could like better than you," said Diana.

"I'm sure we dote upon you," cried Blanche. "I may say it now you are going to be my brother. But, you see, we were taken a little aback at first, for Elizabeth is the beauty of our family, and there has been so much talk with Aunt Chevenix and one and another about the grand marriage she was to make; so it does seem rather a come-down, you know."

"Blanche!" exclaimed Elizabeth, furiously.

"Don't I say that we all dote upon him?" expostulated Blanche. "But however good your family may be, you know, Mr. Forde, and however independent your position, and all that kind of thing, a curate isn't a viscount, you know; and after Lord Paulyn's attentions—"

"Blanche! If you don't hold your tongue—"

"Don't be angry with her," pleaded Malcolm. "I can forgive Lord Paulyn for having admired you, and your family for expecting all mankind to bow down and worship you, so long as you can forgive me for having made you disappoint them."

"Forgive you!" said Elizabeth, looking fondly up at him. In his presence coronets, country-seats, carriages, seemed the vilest dross.

Diana beheld her with wonder. Had worldly ambition, had a boldly declared heartlessness, come to so poor an end as this? But when Diana and Blanche were alone together presently, Elizabeth having gone into the garden to see her lover off, with a rapid appropriation of her rights as his affianced, the younger sister shook her head sagely.

"How blind you must be, Di!" she said. "I knew all about it ever so long ago. She was always madly in love with him. I have heard her say such things!"

"I used to fancy she liked him a little once, but I thought Lord Paulyn had put all that out of her head, and that she had set her heart upon becoming a viscountess."

"Elizabeth is a mixture," said Blanche, sententiously; "one moment the most mercenary being in the world, and the next like that classic party, with a name something like Sophia, ready to throw herself off a rock for love. It'll be rather nice, though, to have Mr. Forde for a brother, won't it, Di?"

"It would have been nicer to have had a viscount," responded Diana.

In the bleak garden once more, the March winds buffeting them, the daffodils waving at their feet, the world a paradise.

"Was papa very much surprised?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Yes, darling; more surprised than I had expected to find him, for he had evidently learned to consider Lord Paulyn almost your plighted lover."

"How absurd!" cried the girl, with a little toss of her head. "Such an idea would never have entered papa's mind of itself. He is not a person to have ideas. But Aunt Chevenix talked such rubbish, just because Lord Paulyn came here a good deal. I suppose this was about the only place he had to come to on the days he didn't hunt."

"I think there would be a few more houses open to him within a radius of ten miles, although he does not bear a very high character," said Mr. Forde, gravely.

"Perhaps. However, he seemed to like coming here," replied Elizabeth, carelessly. "I am sorry he has not a good character, for he is not at all a bad-natured young man, although one is apt to get tired of his society after an hour or so. You are not going to be jealous of him, I hope."

"I should be very jealous of any farther friendship, of any farther acquaintance even, between him and my future wife. He is not a good man, believe me, Elizabeth. There are things I can not possibly tell you, but he is known to have led a bad life. I think you must know that I am not a collector of scandal; but his character is notorious."

"You were jealous of him that Sunday at lunch, Malcolm," clinging to his arm with a timid fondness. "I saw you scowling at us, and I was prouder of your anger than of his admiration; and then you kept away and I saw no more of you for ages, [illegible] I thought you were a monster of coldness and cruelty."

"Yes, dear, I was savagely jealous; and, oh, my darling, promise me that there shall be no more intimacy between that man and you. I hate the idea of this visit to your aunt's, for that reason above all. You will meet him in town, perhaps; you will have Aunt Chevenix by your side, dropping her worldly poison into your ear. Will you be deaf to all her arguments? Will you be true and pure and noble in spite of her?"

"I will be nothing that you disapprove," said Elizabeth. And then, with a little burst of truthfulness, she went on, "Do trust me, Malcolm; I only want just one little peep at the world before I bid it good-by forever—the world about which I have dreamed so much. It will be only for a few weeks."

"Very well, dear, I will trust you. If you could not pass scathless through such an ordeal, you would be hardly worthy of an honest man's love. My dearest treasure, I will hazard you. I think I can trust you, Elizabeth. But if you can not come back to me pure and true, for God's sake let me never look upon your face again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WITNESS, in describing a certain event, said, "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted with the levity of the audience.

Did the man who plowed seas, and afterward planted his foot upon native soil, ever harvest his crops?

Our school-boy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him what is what, he only finds out which is switch.

A fond husband boasted to a friend, "Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night." "Did she, Bill? What did she say?" "She said, 'Well, old Beeswax, come to supper.'"

If the burglars carry off your plate, why is it right?—Because it's not left.

A lawyer and a parson were talking about which way the wind was. The former said, "We go by the court-house vane." "And we," replied the parson, "go by the church vane." "Well," said the lawyer, "in the matter of wind, that is the best authority;" and the parson went to cogitate.

A lady who asked her lover if he would like to see the lambs feed was surprised to hear him say he had rather see her eye brows(e).

A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she. "Oh no," he replied. "I'm a jeweler. I have just set the jewel."

A new paper in Texas starts out with the announcement that "in religion we are conservative, and we intend to adhere to the cash system."

To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

"Don't you think," asked a conceited fiddler of a critic, "that I can play the violin like Paganini?" "Yes," said the critic, "or any other ninny."

Jack and Gill were coming down the hill the other morning, when Gill flopped heavily on her back. Says Jack, "Now you remind me of a goose." "Why?" inquired Gill. "Because," was the exasperating reply, "you've got down on your back."

MATCHLESS MISERY—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

The following conversation is reported to have occurred between a British tourist and a steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, Sir; the highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up to that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed! Why? What became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

A worthy old farmer, who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed, "Look here, squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

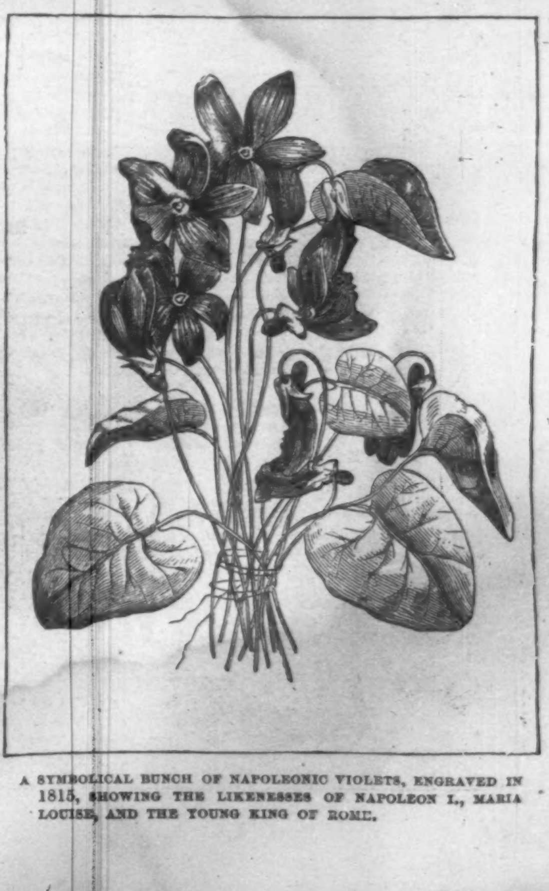
A young lady in Iowa recently whipped out an incipient conflagration with her stockings. She had heard that firemen used "hose."

Why is the letter y like a young lady?—Because it makes pa pay.

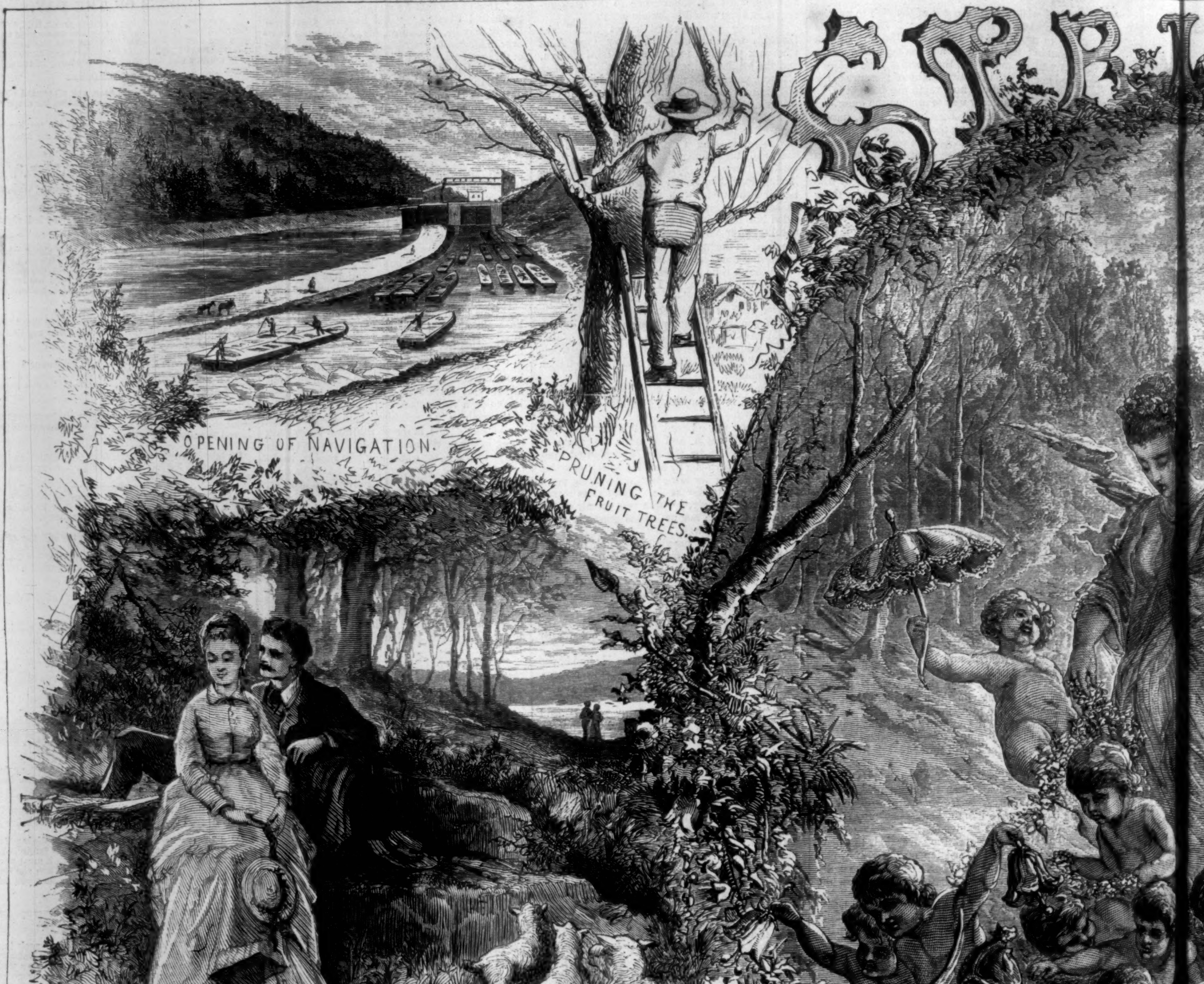
At a house where Dean Swift was once dining the lady of the mansion boasted much of her family, observing that as her name began with a *de* it must necessarily be of old French extraction. When she finished, "Now," says the dean, "I will thank you for a little of that *de*-umpling."

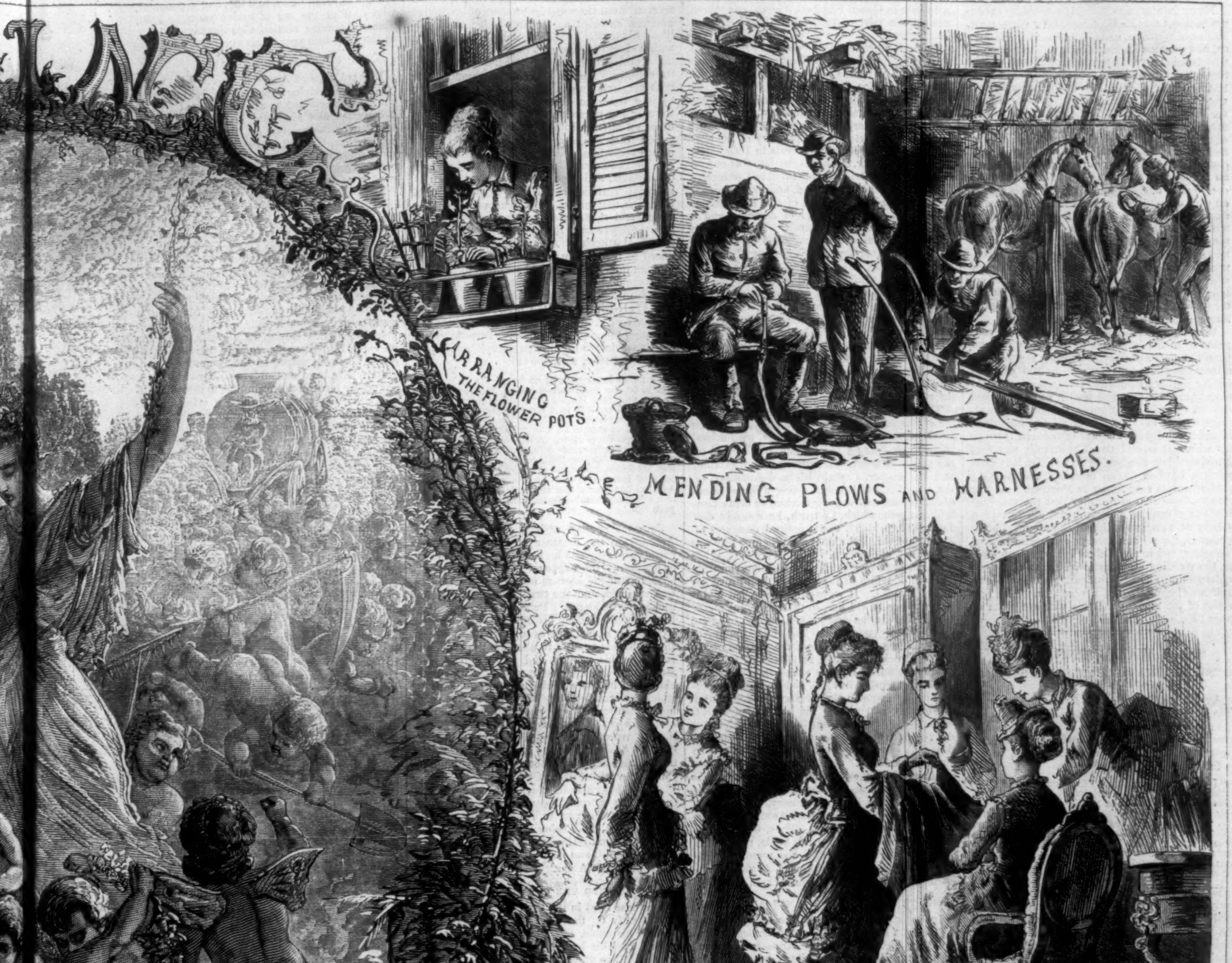
What is that which has a mouth, but never speaks, and a bed in which it never sleeps?—A river.

To dream of a small stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.—To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears.—To dream that you are lame betokens that you will get into a hobble.—When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.—To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.



A SYMBOLICAL BUNCH OF NAPOLEONIC VIOLETS, ENGRAVED IN 1815, SHOWING THE LIKENESSES OF NAPOLEON I., MARIA LOUISE, AND THE YOUNG KING OF ROME.


SPRI
OPENING OF NAVIGATION.
PRUNING THE FRUIT TREES.
THE OLD STORY TOLD OVER AGAIN.
THE LAMBS.
ROUND THE WORLD
NIAGARA FALLS EXCURSION TRAIN
TRAVELLING.


ARRANGING THE FLOWER POTS.
MENDING PLOWS AND HARNESSES.
OPENING DAY OF THE FASHIONS.
THE SWALLOWS
BUFFALOES AND INDIANS MOVING NORTH.
FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER

## AN ANGLO-MOORISH MARRIAGE.

MUCH interest was recently excited by the announcement that his Highness **HADJ ABDESLAM**, Prince of Wazzam, and Grand Shereef of Morocco, had married an English lady. The Shereef, who is known to his Spanish neighbors as "El Santo," distinguished himself in the war between Spain and Morocco in 1859–60 by the warlike enthusiasm with which his religious appeals inspired the Moorish soldiery. As hereditary chief of the great religious order of Muley Taieb (which is described as rivaling the Society of Jesus in influence, craft, and ambition), the Shereef, who claims lineal descent from the Prophet, possesses an influence through the whole of Barbary exceeding that of the Sultan himself. He is regarded with superstitious awe, as being possessed of supernatural powers, and is, moreover, enormously wealthy. The Muley Taieb, which has ramifications in all Mohammedan countries, has had much effect in producing the recent Mussulman revival, and hence the marriage of its chief with an Englishwoman becomes an affair of political importance. The lady is the eldest daughter of **JOHN KEENE**, Esq., Jun., of Newington, Surrey, and was born in September, 1849.

Well-informed residents of Tangiers are sanguine as to the beneficial results likely to arise from the marriage. The Shereef is described as a most enlightened man, who is desirous of introducing European ideas and civilization. He has already made a practical breach of the Moslem custom of secluding women, for since his marriage he has held a *levée* of all the important Moorish gentlemen, and has introduced them to his wife. It is said that Christianity was first introduced into England by a Christian lady marrying a heathen Saxon monarch, and possibly similar results may follow in Morocco. At any rate we have reason to know that the marriage was one of genuine affection; nor did European society at Tangiers withhold the approval of its presence, for all the foreign representatives of Tangiers, and many of their ladies, were present at the wedding breakfast, which was of a truly cosmopolitan character, including Moslems, Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants. The portraits of the Shereef and his wife are given on page 300.

## "THE WANDERING HEIR."

### A TRUE SEQUEL TO CHARLES READE'S LAST ROMANCE.

AT the conclusion of his fascinating story of *The Wandering Heir*, Charles Reade, stopping the narrative at the triumph of James Annesley over his uncle, the Earl of Anglesey, in the Irish Court of Exchequer in November, 1743, writes as follows:

> "I could tell more about *The Wandering Heir*, but fiction is not history, and I claim my rights; even the *Iliad* is but a slice out of Troy's siege; so surely I may take these marvelous passages of an eventful life, then drop the curtain on the doubtful future. Whether or not he holds his estates and gets his title from the peers, he has been poor, and is now well-to-do; a slave, and now is free; alone in this world, and now blessed with Philippa: there lies his best chance for enduring happiness."

We doubt if many of our readers who have pursued the fortunes of James Annesley and Philippa Chester with so much interest through the volume are content to drop the history of their lives there without further inquiry, particularly as Reade has unwittingly whetted curiosity by vague allusions to a tale he could unfold if the reality of it were as pleasing as of that which had gone before.

Be it our task to take up the pen where the author has laid it down, and gratify a laudable interest in the after-life of characters who, being historical, are not the exclusive property of Mr. Charles Reade, and therefore not to be put out of sight at his pleasure and bidding.

Rummaging among musty books of the last century, peerages and state trials and volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, we trace the incidents which Reade, while blending fact with fiction, has gracefully woven into his latest successful novel. As he says himself, in the note affixed to the concluding paragraph, "many real names figure in it." The hero and heroine; the "silly, brutal lord," Altham; the wicked uncle, Richard, Earl of Anglesey; Mr. Chester, of Stains; M'Kercher, and the legal array at the Irish Exchequer, and many of the persons connected with the American episode in James Annesley's history, had an actual existence, though Reade has undoubtedly used his privileges as a romancer to place them in situations and put words in their mouths which were the creations of his own teeming fancy. Neither has he scrupled, in describing the times in which his characters lived, to borrow boldly from other writers, a notable instance being his rendition of Swift's poetical version of card-table talk at Lady Betty's into characteristic prose.

#### THE ANNESLEY FAMILY.

To begin at the beginning—and that is with the family history—the Annesleys were an ancient family of the county of Nottingham, in England, and were supposed to have been living at the place called Anneslei (now a small village of 274 inhabitants, according to the census) at the time of the Norman conquest. When the Conqueror made the general survey of the kingdom in 1079 there was a Richard de Aneslei owner of a seat there. From him the family is descended. His son and grandson are recorded as founding and endowing the Priory of Felley in said county, giving "to God, the Blessed Virgin, St. Hellen, and Friar Robert the Hermit the Place with the Appurtenances in pure Alms." For five centuries the Annesleys lived upon these estates in Nottingham, marrying, giving birth to sons and daughters, and dying, but doing nothing of note. One was sheriff of the county in the reign of Edward I., another was in Parliament in Richard II.'s time, a third was a captain in Queen Elizabeth's army, and served against the Earl of Desmond in the rebellion. The Annesley who first gave evidence of the possession of superior talents was Sir Francis, and it was he who founded the fortunes of the family in Ireland. He was sent over there by James I., became Vice-Treasurer and Secretary of State and a member of the commission to examine into the religious condition of the kingdom, acquired large estates by the king's favor and the confiscation of the property of his enemies, and died Viscount Valentia in 1660. His son and successor, Arthur Annesley, was one of the three Commissioners appointed by Cromwell's Parliament to govern Ireland, and was President of the Council at the time of the Restoration. Charles II. made him Earl of Annesley and a member of the Privy Council. He had three sons—first, James, who succeeded to his titles as Earl of Annesley and Viscount Valentia; second, Altham, who became the first Baron Altham; and third, Richard, who went into the Church, became a Doctor of Divinity and Dean of Exeter, and upon the death of his second brother's son without issue succeeded as the third Baron Altham. This clergyman was the father of the Lord Altham in our story, and the scoundrelly Richard, who afterward gathered unto himself all the honors, titles, and estates which had been conferred upon his ancestors since Sir Francis's time.

This brings us down to the time of the opening of Charles Reade's story. Arthur, the fourth Lord Altham, "a little dark man, with a loud voice," was passing his time in Dublin and on the estate at Dunmain, carousing and gaming, and his brother, Captain Richard Annesley, of the army, was with him, leading a life of equal dissoluteness, and waiting for him to drink himself to death, which, in truth, he speedily did. Lord Altham's wife was a natural daughter of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. She was the mother of our hero. She led a wretched life with her brutal husband, who took her son from her and hid him in the country, and drove her out of Ireland. It seems that he hoped by his persecutions to kill her, so that he might marry the fine lady in the story, Miss Gregory, of whom he was deeply enamored. The child, James Annesley, came up to Dublin from the country in 1726 to seek his father, and most of the incidents related in Reade's novel then occurred. Lord Altham died in 1727, and his brother Richard boldly assumed the title and possession of the estates, and seizing the but half acknowledged heir by violence, hurried him on shipboard and sent him to Pennsylvania as a bound apprentice, thus consummating the villainy he had so long brooded over. James passed fourteen years in slavery in America, and his usurping uncle reigned in his stead at home. In 1737, by the death of the fifth Earl of Anglesey, the elder line of the house of Annesley became extinct, and the titles fell to the Althams. Thus, when James came back from America, his uncle, now a man of nearly fifty years of age, was wrongfully enjoying the distinctions of Earl of Anglesey, Viscount of Valentia, and Baron Altham.

#### THE TRUE HISTORY OF JAMES ANNESLEY.

In the state trials and in the second volume of Burke's *Romance of the Aristocracy* we find the real history of James Annesley, stripped of the imaginary surroundings which Charles Reade used to enhance the artistic effect of his novel. Burke's account, however, is a mere summary of M'Kercher's adroit narrative published in Ireland in advance of the trial to influence public opinion, and entitled *Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman*. Reade has followed pretty closely the incidents in the child life of the hero, as recited by Sergeant Marshall in his opening for the plaintiff at the trial. James was sent out of the kingdom by his uncle soon after the death of his father, and was taken to America. He became an apprentice, or "slave," as he is called in the narrative, to a rich planter named Drummond, in Newcastle County, Delaware. The planter was an inexorable master, and the poor boy suffered great hardship. The writer of the memoirs made the following observations, which are of interest as illustrating the system of white slavery which existed in this country in colonial times:

> "Our American planters are not famous for humanity, being often persons of no education, and having been formerly slaves themselves, they revenge the ill usage they received on those who fall into their hands. The condition of European servants in that climate is very wretched; their work is hard, and for the most part abroad, exposed to an unwholesome air; their diet coarse, being either poul, or bread made of Indian corn, or hominy or mush, which is meal of the same kind, moistened with fat of bacon, and their drink water sweetened with a little ginger and molasses."

James was befriended in the beginning of his captivity by an aged female white slave, who gave him some instruction; but after four years she died, leaving him in deep affliction. He ran away from his master, and near the coast fell in with a party consisting, as he afterward learned, of a young woman (who had robbed her husband) and her lover and a servant. He was captured in this company and taken to Dover jail, and came near meeting the fate of his companions, who were executed—not scourged, as the novel says. Drummond recovered him, and kept him three years longer, and then sold him to another planter, who was rather more humane. Here he became unintentionally the object of affection of two women—his master's daughter, Maria, and a young Indian girl. They persecuted him with addresses which were distasteful to him, and the Indian, in a rage at his obduracy, drowned herself in an adjacent river. The parents of Maria discovered the infatuation of their daughter by the stratagem related in the novel, and James was transferred to a planter in Sussex County, who dying, he was again sold to a neighbor of his late master. It was while in the service of the latter that, being convalescent from a wound received from the vengeful brothers of his Indian admirer, he was lying under a hedge, and overheard his master's wife (not daughter) arranging with a slave (who appears to have been a white, not a mulatto) to rob her husband and fly from the country. He had the courage to remonstrate with her, and thus incurred her hatred, though for the time she dissembled, and pretended to transfer her regard to him. But after she had made an attempt to kill him with poison he resolved to escape, and accordingly did so in the most expeditious manner at hand. He found a ship on the coast, which took him to the island of Jamaica, and there he enlisted on board of Admiral Vernon's vessel as a common sailor. It seems that he told his history to his messmates, and that some one on board identified him. (Reade says the captain, his old schoolfellow, Matthews.) At any rate, he was introduced to the captain and the admiral, who both took an interest in him, and sent him to England to prosecute his claim. Reade alludes to a paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1741, which was the first intimation that the Earl of Anglesey had that his nephew was returning home to punish him. Turning to this old chronicle, we find the paragraph, and reproduce it verbatim, as follows:

> "A Sailor lately entered on board the *Falmouth* is said to be the right Earl of A——. He declares that he was sent into Ireland by a certain Nobleman and in his 9th Year sold as a Slave for seven Years into *Pennsylvania* before the Expiration of which having attempted to escape he was retaken and obliged to serve seven Years more. A Gentleman who remembers the Advertisements published when the Boy was missing, corroborates this Account, and another who was his Schoolfellow and at whose Father's House he boarded believes him to be the same Person. The Admiral has shown him so much Regard as to make him a Midshipman."—*Gentleman's Magazine for* 1741, *page* 110.

James Annesley arrived in England from America in the summer of 1741. He found friends who espoused his cause and supplied money to defray the expenses of a trial. M'Kercher, one of the keenest minds at the Irish bar, was retained, and the two kingdoms were ransacked for evidence. Pending these investigations the earl became discouraged, and actually went so far at one time as to enter into preparations with his counsel to abandon the titles and estates to his nephew and retire into France. But James had the misfortune to kill a man accidentally in the neighborhood of London, for which he was indicted and tried. The earl's hopes then revived, and though James was honorably acquitted, he clung to his original resolution to resist. The great trial involving the question of the legitimacy of James Annesley as the son and heir of the fourth Lord Altham began in the Irish Court of Exchequer November 11, 1743, before Lord Chief Baron Bowes and the Puisne Barons Mountenay and Dawson. The greatest lawyers in Ireland were engaged on either side, there being thirteen for the claimant and fifteen for the defendant. The trial lasted fifteen days, and resulted in the complete triumph of James Annesley.

#### AFTER THE GREAT TRIAL.

The case tried in the Court of Exchequer was not directly on the merits of Annesley's claim against his uncle, though that question was involved, and his legitimacy was affirmed by the verdict. The uncle was beaten, and now comes the most extraordinary part of the history of James Annesley. Nothing related in the pages of *The Wandering Heir* equals it. Though the victor had suffered fourteen years of cruel wrong at the hands of his uncle, and had been robbed of thousands of pounds by the withholding of his estates, and put to great expense to establish his legitimacy, he never assumed the titles he had recovered, nor afterward disturbed his uncle in the possession of them. Burke speaks of his course as "rather singular," but offers no explanation of it. Neither does Reade. To establish his right to the Irish titles Annesley would have been compelled to carry his claims into the Irish House of Lords, and for the affirmation of his right to the English titles into the English House of Lords. We have seen from Reade's analysis of his character that he was easily disheartened by apparent difficulties, and probably this was the reason why he was daunted when years of renewed litigation was the prospect now presented to him. Several other trials followed the great one in the Irish Exchequer—one for perjury against Mary Heath for her evidence in favor of Lord Anglesey, and another for assault by the earl on James—but these judicial inquiries led to no important results.

#### PHILIPPA.

In the real narrative of James Annesley's adventures in America the reader has all along a painful sense of the absence of the most charming character in Reade's version of them—the boy Philip. It does not appear that the lady who became Annesley's wife in 1743 was ever in America, or that he knew her until after the trial. It is certain, however, that he married Miss Joanna Philippa Chester, daughter of Mr. Chester, of Stains-bridge, in Middlesex, and by her had one son and two daughters. The son, James Annesley, Esq., died November, 1763, without issue, and the eldest daughter was married to Charles Wheeler, Esq., son of Captain Wheeler, in the Guinea trade. It will be remembered that Mr. Chester, the uncle, is made to say of his niece Philippa, in the novel, "I fear she is like her father, and will ne'er make old bones." His apprehensions were too true, for Philippa died a few years after her marriage. We are sorry to spoil romance by recording that our hero married a second time, his wife being a daughter of Sir Thomas I'Anson, of Bounds, near Tunbridge, in Kent, gentleman-porter of the Tower. By her he had a son, who died at the age of seven years, in 1764, and a daughter, who died at the age of twelve years, in 1765. James Annesley himself died January 5, 1760, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

#### THE WICKED UNCLE.

Richard, Earl of Anglesey, survived his nephew one year, dying February 4, 1761. From the evidence elicited on the trial in the Court of Exchequer, and afterward in the Irish House of Peers on the question of the legitimacy of his son Arthur, it appears that he was one of the most consummate scoundrels of his time. Not satisfied with being a drunkard and robbing his nephew of his liberty and conspiring against his life, he abandoned his own wife and daughters in the most cruel manner, sought to repudiate his marriage with the former, and actually did marry and cohabit with another woman during the countess's life. The facts were brought out in the trial in the Irish House of Peers. In 1727, the year his brother died, Captain Annesley, being then destitute of any fortune whatever, and passing as a bachelor, married in Dublin the only daughter of Mr. John Simpson, a wealthy and reputable citizen. He openly acknowledged this lady to be his wife, and when he came into possession of his titles he introduced her every where as the Countess of Anglesey. He lived amicably with her until 1730, she giving birth in the mean time to three daughters. In that year he formed a criminal intimacy with one Juliana Donovan, daughter of a person who kept an unlicensed ale-house near his country-seat, and being worked upon by this woman, he disowned his wife and children, and endeavored to prove that his marriage in 1727 was illegal, as at that time he had a wife living in England named Anne Phurst. He failed to do this to the satisfaction of the English courts, but he never afterward lived with his wife, nor would he contribute to her support or that of his daughters. He married Juliana Donovan in 1752, though his wife was living, and by this Juliana had a son, Arthur, who afterward claimed to be his heir. One of the unfortunate daughters by the marriage with Miss Simpson published a statement of the facts of the case in 1766, about the time the claim of Arthur Annesley was before the Irish peers. It is printed at length in *Jacob's Peerage*, edition of 1769. The writer, who signs herself Dorothea Dubois, the latter being the name of her husband, gives a graphic account of her visit to her father at his country-seat at Camolin Park, in the County of Wexford, a few months before his death. It exhibits a curious picture of life in a "noble family" in Ireland in the middle of the last century. Mrs. Dubois says:

> "Concealing my face, and knowing the situation of my father's bed-chamber, I made my way to it without the least difficulty or obstruction, but alas! found a female companion with him from whom I could hope for little lenity. She started when she saw me enter and disclose who I was by throwing myself on my knees at my poor father's bedside and with tears imploring his blessing. No one but such as have the same feelings I have can conceive the tender agony that seized my soul on seeing the change time had wrought in the author of my being. But who can describe my astonishment and grief at hearing him utter the most shocking imprecations against his child—a child that loved him as her life, and would have sacrificed it to his preservation and conversion? How shall I repeat it? He called for pistols to shoot me. Self-preservation, they say, is the first law of nature. Therefore, seeing Mrs. Donovan make toward the closet where I formerly knew fire-arms hung, I started to my feet and charged her at her peril not to harm me, as she certainly would suffer for it if she did, as many knew of my coming and for what purpose, which was to obtain a father's blessing before he died. After a few more altercations not worthy of a repetition she rang the bell, when a number of ill-looking wretches who dishonored the name of servants appeared to seize and drag me out of the room. On finding myself thus attacked I drew a small silver-mounted pistol from my pocket, which I blush to say was with its fellow unloaded, and only meant to keep those ruffians I expected to meet at a distance. A cry, equaling that they describe the wild Indians to give, was set up at the sight of this formidable weapon. Presenting the harmless bugbear alone at my ferocious assailants, I bid them not lay hands upon me, or expect the consequences. At first they obeyed through fear, but finding I did not fire, they pressed in upon me. Three men at once laid hold on it, and had strength and valor sufficient to wrest it out of the hands of a weak woman, but not without leaving that hand in a gore of blood. While those attacked me in front, others endeavored to strangle me behind my back by pulling my cloak, and had effected their intention were I not under the banner of an all-wise, all-powerful Being, who ordered the strings to break. I was again saved by the same hand, who intimidated the heart of Mrs. Donovan's son from letting off a pistol, which he courageously held cocked at the back of my head, and occasioned his meeting a rebuke from an ignorant pantry-boy telling him, 'You may do it yourself; I have no mind for the gallows.' After this they hurried me down stairs into the hall, took my other pistol from me, but not before I had unscrewed the barrel and showed them there was nothing in it. Then it was my humble lot to be obliged to sit in the kitchen until they were ready to take me to jail, and was eye-witness to such things as gave reason for this reflection, 'That where vice presided, order, regularity, and plenty were banished.'"

Arthur Annesley, the son of the "wicked uncle," by Juliana Donovan, brought his claim to the Irish titles of Viscount of Valentia and Baron Altham before the Irish House of Peers in 1761. They were opposed by his kinsman, John Annesley, Esq., of Ballyson Castle, who was a descendant of John, the second son of Sir Francis Annesley, the statesman of James I.'s time. The case was pending four years, and attracted a great deal of attention, and was finally decided by the peers in favor of Arthur. The young viscount, however, was not so fortunate in his suit in the English House of Peers to be recognized in the English title of Earl of Anglesey. The English peers decided that the marriage with Juliana Donovan was illegal, and threw the claimant out of court. By this decision the earldom became extinct. The dignity of Anglesey with the title of marquis attached was conferred fifty years later upon one of the most famous of the Waterloo heroes, the gallant Paget, who was no connection of the Annesley family, and the title still remains in the Paget family. Arthur Annesley, eighth Viscount Valentia, above mentioned, was a much more respectable man than his father, and was created Earl of Mountmorris by George III. He died in 1816, and was succeeded by his son George, the second earl, who died in 1842, without issue, and the line of the "wicked uncle," as well as of the entire elder branch of the Annesley family, became extinct.

There are now two noble families in England bearing the name of Annesley, both descended from Francis, the third son of Sir Francis, the statesman. One of these possesses the viscounty of Valentia and the barony of Altham, having succeeded to them upon the death of his distant kinsman, the "wicked uncle's" grandson; the other possesses the earldom of Annesley, which was created in 1789. The present representatives of these families, according to the latest *Debrett*, are, Arthur Annesley, ninth Baron Altham and eleventh Viscount of Valentia, born 1843, a lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and William Richard Annesley, fourth Earl of Annesley, born 1830, a representative peer for Ireland. The earl has a distinguished brother, who is his heir, Colonel the Hon. Hugh Annesley, of the Scots Fusileer Guards. He was in the Caffre and Crimean wars, was severely wounded at the battle of the Alma, and at present is M.P. for Cavan.—*From the New York World, March* 23.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Middleton, Carman, & Co., the well-known fish dealers in the Fulton fish market, New York, have lately received several specimens of an enormous fish, known as the "Black Groper." One of these, presented by them to the National Museum at Washington, was identified by Professor Gill as *Promicrops guasa*, and belongs to the family *Serranidæ*, to the typical genus of which (*Serranus*) it was originally referred. It is an inhabitant of Cuban waters and the West India seas, but has not hitherto been satisfactorily identified as occurring on the coast of the United States, although the young may perhaps have been described under another name.

These fish, it is reported, were taken in shad seines, in the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, and must have been almost a match for their captors, as the one presented to the National Museum weighed 750 pounds, and had a length of nearly eight feet, with a circumference of about seven. In form and general appearance it resembles somewhat the sea bass, but has small eyes, placed much farther forward, and the tail fin is round; as indicated by the name, the color is almost black. Nothing special is on record in regard to its habits, unless it be the fish referred to in Elliot's *Sports of North Carolina* as of gigantic size. The flesh of this fish is quite excellent, though rather coarse, and brings a good price in the Havana market. They may probably be considered as among the largest of the marine fishes on the coast of America, exceeded only by the sharks and rays, and by species of the sword-fish and tunny groups.

A cast has been made at Washington of the specimen, which, with the skeleton, will shortly be placed on exhibition.

The first report (for 1872) of Governor N. P. Langford, superintendent of the Yellow Stone National Park, has just made its appearance, and contains an account of what has been done during the year to protect and preserve this interesting region for the benefit of future visitors. We are informed that new natural wonders are continually discovered, and that the number of geysers, hot springs, etc., is almost countless. The Park was visited during 1872, in connection with the expedition of Professor Hayden, and new routes determined, by which access will be much easier than heretofore. At present the only mode of approach is by means of saddle and pack trains, and Governor Langford suggests the propriety of constructing several wagon-roads for the convenience of the public. One of these roads should start from a point about fifty miles above the junction of Henry's Fork with the Snake River, and extend eighty miles to the north. This will pass over or through the main range of the Rocky Mountains, either by the Henry or the Targee Pass. Another practicable road would commence at the same point on Henry's Fork and follow up the Middle Fork. This route would be shorter than the other, and lead more directly to the Geyser Basin and Yellow Stone Lake, the distance between the two being about twenty miles. In the Park a road should be built from Gardiner's River Springs across the Lower Geyser Basin, the distance being forty miles. The opening of these roads would insure the early erection of large and commodious public-houses at Monmouth Springs, Yellow Stone Falls, Yellow Stone Lake, and the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins.

When these improvements are made it is thought that extensive settlements will spring up in that region, supported in part by the travel of tourists, and partly by the exportation of lumber made from valuable timber in the district. We are informed that there is no land in the Park suitable for agricultural purposes, although enough grass can always be found to feed the horses of tourists. No mines appear to have been detected, nor is there any prospect of them. It is recommended that, for purposes of police regulation, the Park be attached to Gallatin County, Montana; as, although more closely connected with Wyoming, access to the Park is considered impossible by way of that Territory.

In reference to the occurrence of shad in the Mississippi Valley, we learn from Mr. H. A. Pattison that while engaged professionally in the spring of 1867 in trying to close the Roman Crevasse in the Mississippi River, about sixty miles above New Orleans, he saw two fine shad taken with a dip-net from the water running through the crevasse. These were caught by a negro, who stated that he had never seen such fish before, and being afraid to eat them was perfectly willing to sell them. Mr. Pattison reports that he is willing to testify that they were equal in flavor to any he had eaten, either from the Potomac or the James River. The date of this occurrence was the 12th of April, 1867. He furthermore remarks that he was engaged in 1857 in the location of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad, and that while on White River he was informed by a former resident of North Carolina, who was perfectly familiar with the shad, that he had seen schools of them in the White River, in every respect undistinguishable from those in his native State. From the date, April 12, it would seem that the shad most probably enter the Mississippi about the beginning of that month, somewhat earlier than the period of their ascent of the rivers of Florida and Georgia.

According to Quatrefages, the principal scientific result of the recent national congress of archæologists and anthropologists, held at Brussels during the past summer, was the determination of the existence of a population in Belgium during the quaternary period, and of the extent of its culture and mode of life, proving, also, the existence of a trade with foreign countries; likewise that among the people of the present day there are elements handed down from the oldest times, even from the most ancient stone period.

By the publication of a supplementary number, containing the proposed corrections of plates already issued, the important work of Mr. William H. Edwards upon the butterflies of North America completes its first volume. It is needless to add to what we have already said that no American work of the kind has ever been printed containing in its pages as satisfactory illustrations of the various species, new and old, as this of Mr. Edwards. The volume, as finished, embraces fifty plates, each embracing several figures, representing all the varieties of each species.

The annual meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association was held in New York on the 11th of February, at the office of Mr. George Shepard Page. The annual address was given by the president, Rev. William Clift, of Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, who presented a report upon the progress of pisciculture throughout the United States during the past year.

A paper was read by Mr. Page upon fish-culture, the point of principal interest being an account of the methods adopted in China. Some discussion took place upon a paper by Mr. Mather on the proper method of impregnating the eggs of trout, the author of the paper advocating the natural method, while some gentlemen were in favor of the artificial process.

A paper was read by A. P. Rockwood, of Utah, on the native fish of Utah; and another, by Colonel James Worrall, on the movement for the restoration of fish in Pennsylvania. A communication was presented by Mr. Paxton upon the subject of the diminution of white-fish in Lakes Erie and Michigan, referring to a locality where six or eight years ago 60,000 were taken, while during the last season only 2000 were captured. He expressed his intention of starting an establishment for the breeding of white-fish at Windsor, Canada, where the authorities have offered facilities, and for which the Canadian government has made an appropriation.

In the course of a discussion as to the number of eggs to be obtained from a trout, it was asserted that fish weighing a pound produced 500, while some claimed that the number would be at least twice as great.

The officers for the current year are, president, William Clift; secretary, A. G. Collins; treasurer, B. F. Bowles; executive committee, Seth Green, E. A. Brackett, and M. C. Edmunds. The association adjourned to meet in New York city on the second Monday in February, 1874.

The Panama *Star and Herald* of February 16 contains an account of a marine animal, resembling in many respects the celebrated "sea-serpent" of the Northern Atlantic, which was seen from the deck of the steamer *Guayaquil* a few days before, when off the Pearl Islands, in the Bay of Panama. Its head was like that of a sea-horse (*Hippocampus*), and its length, estimated from the undulations of its body as they appeared above the water, was about twenty-five feet. A large sting-ray fish was seen in its company. The *Guayaquil* is a vessel belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, plying between Guayaquil and Panama.

On the evening of the 27th of November, 1872, Europeans were favored with a shower of falling stars, which has now become one of the most interesting of all on record. From the great shower of 1833 dates the revival of a more intelligent interest in the subject of shooting-stars, until at last the studies of Newton of New Haven, Weiss of Vienna, and Schiaparelli of Milan have led to quite an exact knowledge of the nature of these bodies. When finally there could no longer be any doubt that some, if not all, of these meteors were related in a peculiar and intimate manner to the comets, it became possible, in 1868, for Professor Weiss to state the probable connection between Biela's comet and the meteors that had been often observed about the 1st of December, and to predict that we should probably experience a star-shower in 1872 on passing near to that comet. The shower came as predicted—it was well seen in the early evening twilight at stations in our Atlantic States, and was very brilliant in Europe.

This preliminary verification of the views of Professor Weiss was, however, not the most interesting circumstance. No sooner had Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, determined the apparent radiant point of the meteors than he computed their orbit about the sun, and finding that they really moved in a path nearly coincident with that of Biela's comet, he proceeded to reason upon their probable future course. He states that he concluded that if the observed meteors radiated from the point observed by him, they must be moving toward the opposite point of the sky, which was near the star Theta Centauri, in the southern heavens, and that, if looked for soon enough, they might possibly be seen as a faint cloud in that region. The idea was sufficiently bold, yet so interesting and novel that Professor Klinkerfues felt himself warranted in sending to the director of the observatory at Madras the following remarkable telegram: "Göttingen, November 30. Biela touched Earth on the 27th. Search near Theta Centauri."

With a faith equal to that of Galle, when he searched for and found the planet Neptune predicted by Le Verrier, Pogson now turned his telescope upon the spot indicated, and, the third time of searching, at last beheld the comet as a very faint, diffused spot of light. The observations of position made by Pogson, and now received by mail, have been subjected to a careful study by Oppolzer, of Vienna, and he concludes that there is every reason to believe this to be one of the two portions of Biela's comet, both of which have been lost to telescopic sight for twenty years. The other portion will very probably continue to elude the powers of theoretical astronomy to trace its path and discover its whereabouts, yet it is by no means improbable that it may be discovered by some of the many busy comet-hunters.

It will be seen that the history of Biela's comet may be thus epitomized. It pursued an elliptic orbit, in obedience to the law of gravitation, until 1845, when it was by some unknown force divided into two portions. These were seen in 1853, by which time they had separated several millions of miles from each other. For twenty years they have not been again seen. Meantime the study of the shooting-stars taught us that the latter were often fragments or the minute components of comets.

The observations of the star-shower of 1872 (November 27) show that the earth then passed through a portion of a comet, which must have been formerly a part of Biela's comet; and finally, the same observations enabled the astronomer to predict and to discover the lost comet.

The conclusion of the whole matter may be accepted by astronomers in the expression—comets become star-showers when the earth passes through them, and showers of shooting-stars are comets. It is not yet known that mankind received any harm from the events of November 27, 1872!

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The universal fondness for natural flowers is the true reason why there is always a brisk business kept up in making artificial flowers. No ornaments for the dress and hair of all women, especially for the young, are so graceful and attractive as buds and blossoms, leaves and trailing vines. Paris is the great head-quarters of the artificial flower trade. While it is carried on to a considerable extent in London, and somewhat in this country, the productions of Paris are more true to nature and more delicately beautiful than those of any other country. The best French makers study floral botany with close attention, and understand the minutest characteristics. A multitude of workers are employed in this industry in Paris, a large part of the work being done by women and children. The materials used are various—cambric, batiste, kid, muslin, crape, silk, wire, wool, dyes, pigments, gums, varnishes, glue, etc. The selection of the coloring substances is one of the most important features of the trade, requiring much discrimination and skill. Petals of batiste or cambric are usually dyed after being cut into shape, the tint being lightened in parts by a drop of water, or deepened by painting with a camel's-hair pencil. Stamens are made of little balls of silk fastened to the ends of fine wires, and properly tinted; buds are made of balls of cotton wool, and then fashioned and colored in the proper way for each particular variety. The putting together of the several parts of a flower calls for nimble fingers, delicate touch, accuracy of eye, and considerable taste, as may well be supposed.

About two years ago the attention of the London public was especially directed to the use of arsenic green in coloring the leaves. Little children were employed on certain parts of the work, involving constant handling of green leaves and grass. One specialty, known as "grass-work," was fastening small glass beads to a sort of feathery grass, to give it a sparkling appearance. The threading of the beads, and the subsequent shaking to see if they were secure, dislodged particles of arsenic green, which poisoned the air, and seriously injured the poor children. Recent acts of Parliament have regulated work in factories, so that the health of women and children is better protected than formerly, by limiting the number of hours for work, and securing proper ventilation and cleanliness. Yet much work is taken by father or mother to be done at home, and the necessity of poverty forces little children to deleterious employments. This branch of industry is, like so many others, very much at the mercy of ever-changing fashion. But we wish all fashions of decorating the costume were as natural and charming as that which leads to the imitation of beautiful things in nature.

Carlo Patti, the celebrated violinist, who recently died in St. Louis, was the only brother of Adelina Patti (Marchioness de Caux), of Carlotta Patti, and of Amalia Patti Strakosch. The family is, perhaps, unparalleled in the musical annals of both continents.

Last February a young lad of fourteen shot a companion about his own age with a pistol. Apparently the boy intended no harm, but was utterly ignorant of the use of fire-arms. The two lads had always been on good terms with each other, and no quarrel had arisen. Judge Brady, before whom the case was tried, considered the crime manslaughter in the fourth degree, and in pronouncing sentence said:

> "The use of the pistol has become a pastime in New York among all classes of her population. You are the youngest whom I have ever had to try on the charge of murder. I think it best that you should suffer some punishment for the crime you have committed. I regret that I have not the power to punish the person who sold the pistol to you. There should be some legislation for the punishment of those who sell pistols indiscriminately. I send you to the House of Refuge."

Three lady members have recently been admitted to the Michigan State Medical Society, one to that of Rhode Island, and one to that of Kansas. These were all graduates of the Pennsylvania Women's Medical College. In England all the restrictions on the admission of ladies to the advantages of the Pharmaceutical Society of London have been removed.

A Massachusetts man is going to build and superintend a paper-pulp mill in Yokohama, Japan. Bamboo and similar material will furnish stock. The pulp, after being bleached, will be shipped to New York.

A recent *Treatise on Apoplexy* asserts the chief cause of this disease in New York to be the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. Among other causes are mentioned overeating, excessive use of opium and other narcotics, long-continued and severe mental labor, great mental shocks, and powerful emotions. It has generally been supposed that florid, full-faced, and short-necked persons were especially liable to apoplexy, but medical testimony disproves this opinion. Apoplexy is most frequent between the ages of sixty and seventy, but infants die with this disease much oftener than is generally supposed.

From *Turning-Points in Life*, by Frederick Arnold, which has been just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, we quote a little advice in reference to the choice of a profession—a matter of deep interest to every young man:

> "Of course the preferences of youth are often imaginary, and are often subjected to revision. Still it is a great thing to get a youth to feel a distinct preference for any pursuit, to map out, even in outline, any thing like a chart of the future.... The best practical advice, perhaps, is that the bias and tendency of a boy should be understood, and the object in life early defined, to which he can work up. Nothing is more to be deprecated than the aimless, desultory way in which so many young men are unfortunately brought up, and nothing gives the character so much strength and energy as a definite object. That is a time of very great perplexity to young men when their path in life is obscure, and they doubt whither they shall turn. The way is often indicated to them by their self-knowledge, their knowledge of their own ability or inability, and by the openings which Providence seems to indicate to them."

Hungry travelers in France are refreshed in a most comfortable manner. One who experienced the benefit of the system tells his story thus:

> "The guard put his head in the window of the train and politely asked, 'Shall I order a dinner for you at the next station? It will be served in the train for three francs, and the dishes removed at the next stopping-place.' 'By all means order it.' The telegraph carried the order ten miles ahead, and when the train drew up at the station the door was opened, and a circular basket, three feet high and one foot in diameter, was put into our compartment. Upon the top were knife and fork, spoon and napkin, a bottle of water and a flask of wine and a glass, a little salt and pepper, and a large roll. Opening the door in the side of the basket, we saw four shelves, on each shelf a dish. [We omit the bill of fare.] We ate our dinner quietly and comfortably while the train rushed along at thirty miles an hour, and then restored the dishes to their places. When the next stoppage was made a porter removed the basket and received the pay."

A new volcano has been discovered in California, about seventy-five miles from Moleje, a town in Lower California, situated on a bay of the same name. More than twenty vent holes are reported, from which smoke is emitted in jets. Earthquakes have been rather common in Moleje for several years past; and now it is believed they have had their origin in this newly discovered volcano.

Complaint is made by some of our most eminent physicians that druggists of high standing disregard the terms of written prescriptions, using their own judgment to vary the ingredients. It is also asserted that it is not an uncommon practice for druggists to reduce the proportions of costly ingredients. Those who are so unfortunate as to require medicines must patronize only druggists of proved trustworthiness.

Chicago does not seem, judging by the police reports, to have changed in character much since there was a religious gathering of ministers and laymen in that city a few years ago. On that occasion an aged clergyman, somewhat broken in mind and body, arose in the meeting and said, "Friends, I am far upon my journey to the Celestial City, but I could not help stopping on my way to attend this meeting in Chicago." Here a voice from the multitude was heard by all—"Chicago is not on that road." The effect was electrical, especially upon the poor old gentleman, who was so confused that he could say no more, and was obliged to sit down.

"Queen Victoria will appear in public next season more than she has any year since the death of Prince Albert." So says the Chicago *Post*, and no doubt the information comes directly from her Majesty.

In France there are over a thousand packs of hounds used for hunting the stag, boar, fox, and the hare.

All nations seem to be groaning under the weight of debt. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there are seven European nations which owe upward of £100,000,000 each. They are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Great Britain | £790,000,000 |
| France | 748,000,000 |
| Italy | 360,000,000 |
| Russia | 355,000,000 |
| Austria | 306,000,000 |
| Spain | 261,000,000 |
| Turkey | 124,000,000 |
| | £2,944,000,000 |

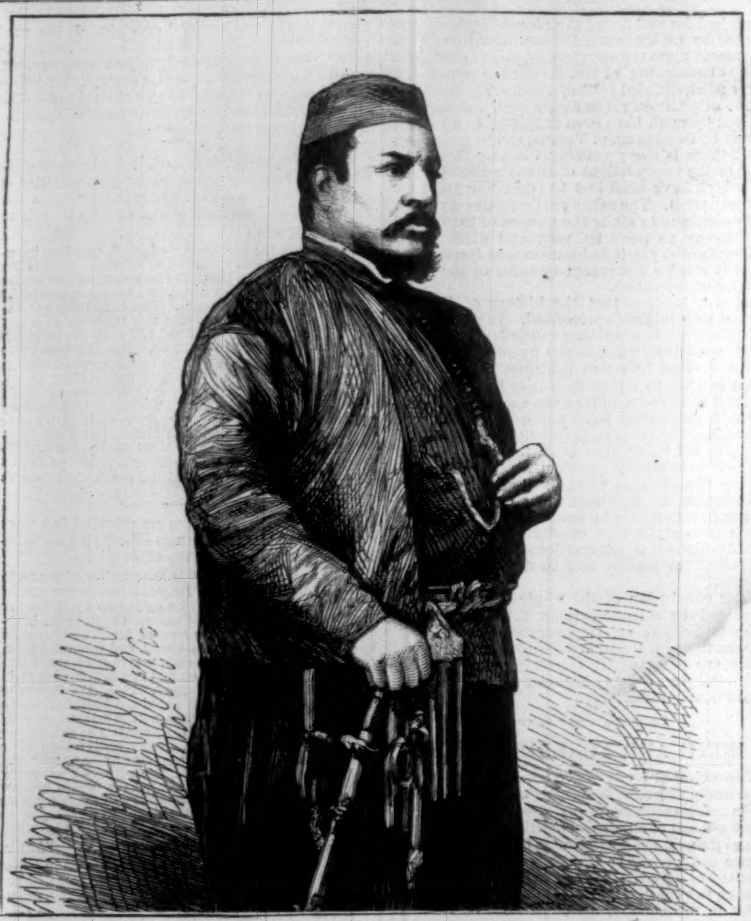
The liabilities of the German empire may be estimated at about £206,000,000. Taking the five grand divisions of the world, the chief debts in each are stated thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Europe | £3,400,000,000 |
| America | 573,000,000 |
| Asia | 135,000,000 |
| Africa | 39,000,000 |
| Australasia | 38,000,000 |
| | £4,185,000,000 |

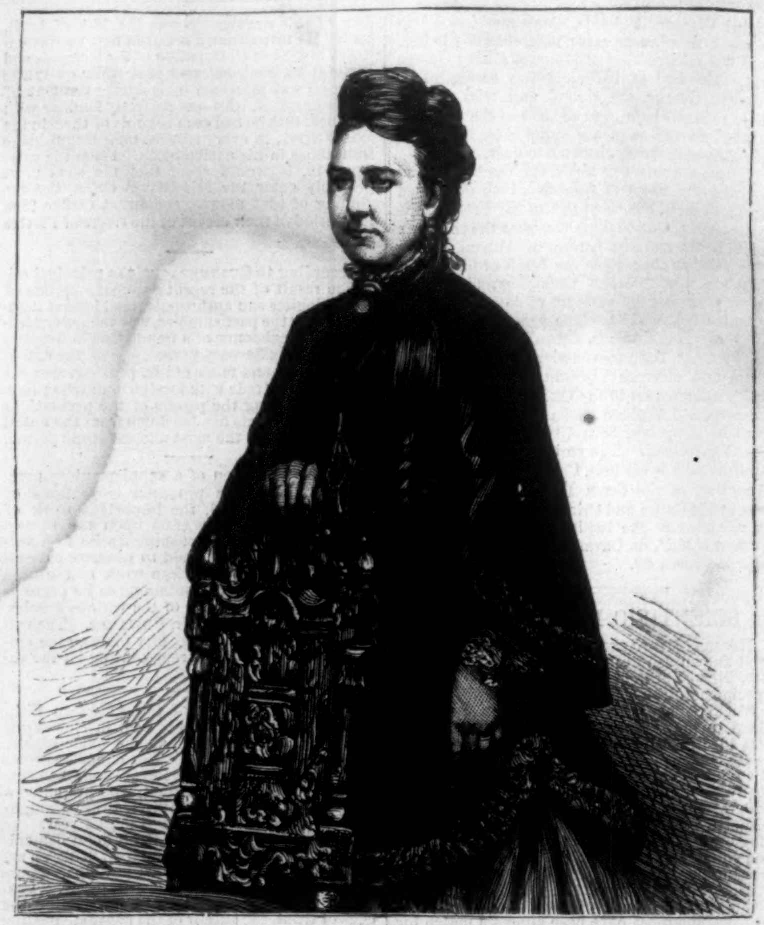
The *Gazette* goes on to remark that "these figures are so stupendous that it is hardly possible to comment on them. But it is a suggestive circumstance that with perhaps three exceptions—the United States, Germany, and ourselves—all these countries are steadily increasing their debts. The greater portion of them have been created within the memory of the present generation; the great majority of them are rising still with a rapidity which is adding annually hundreds of millions to the national liabilities of the world."

Compressed Irish peat, possessing the density of coal, and a very good substitute for it, will soon be found abundantly in the English market.

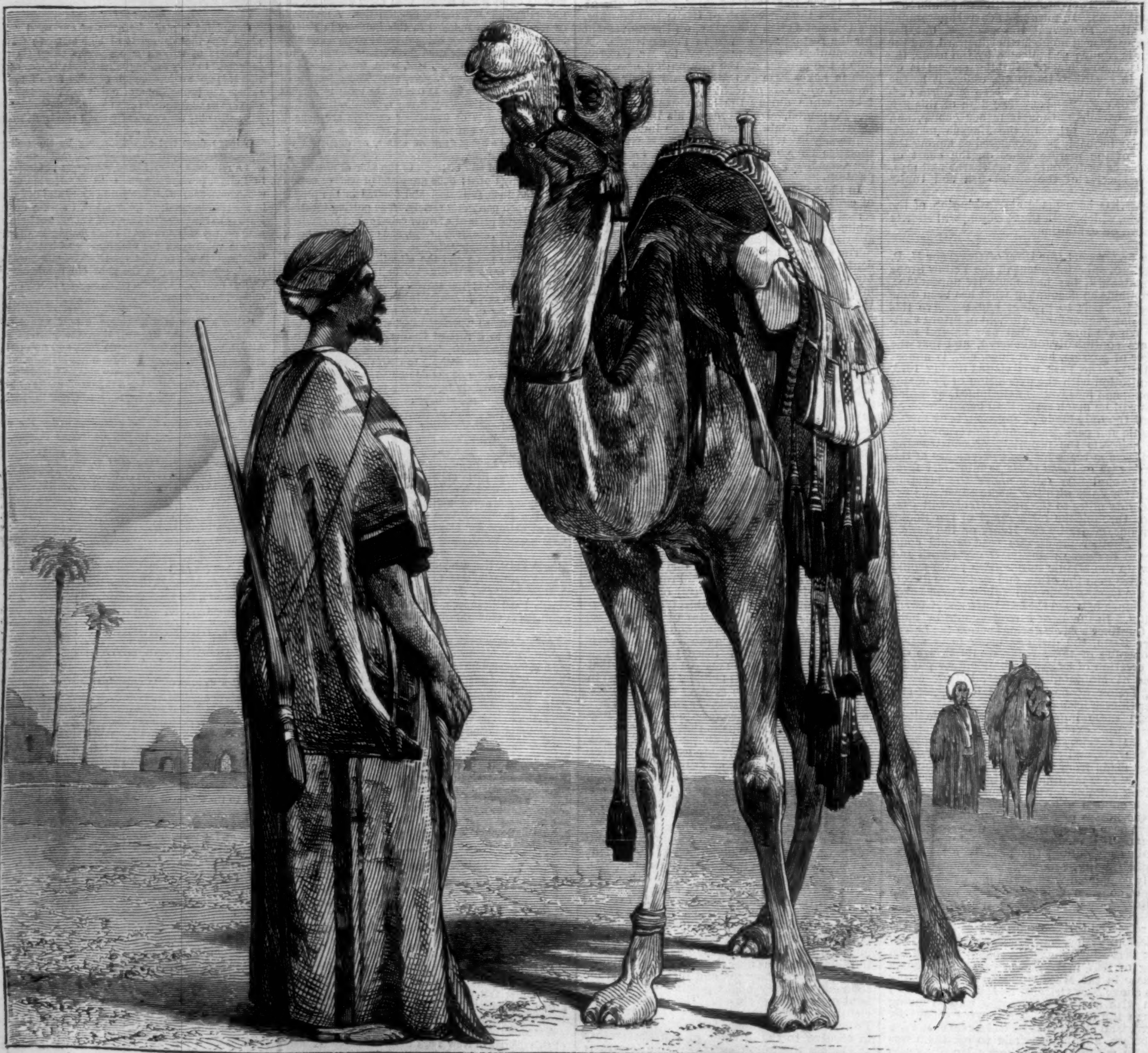
Rats are learning the evil ways of men. Generally they have been accused of stealthily taking such articles as would relieve the natural pangs of hunger, which in the eye of humanity, if not of law, is some extenuation of the crime. But "evil communications corrupt good manners," and now rats, like men, are beginning to steal gold. A gentleman of Nashville, Tennessee, recently placed his watch under his pillow before retiring at night. In the morning it had disappeared. The servant had been into the room to make a fire, and was questioned about the missing article, but he denied any knowledge of it. The gentleman then instituted a thorough search, and at length found the watch forced half-way into a rat-hole. On pulling it out the four-footed thief was found entangled in the golden chain, hanging by the neck, and dead.



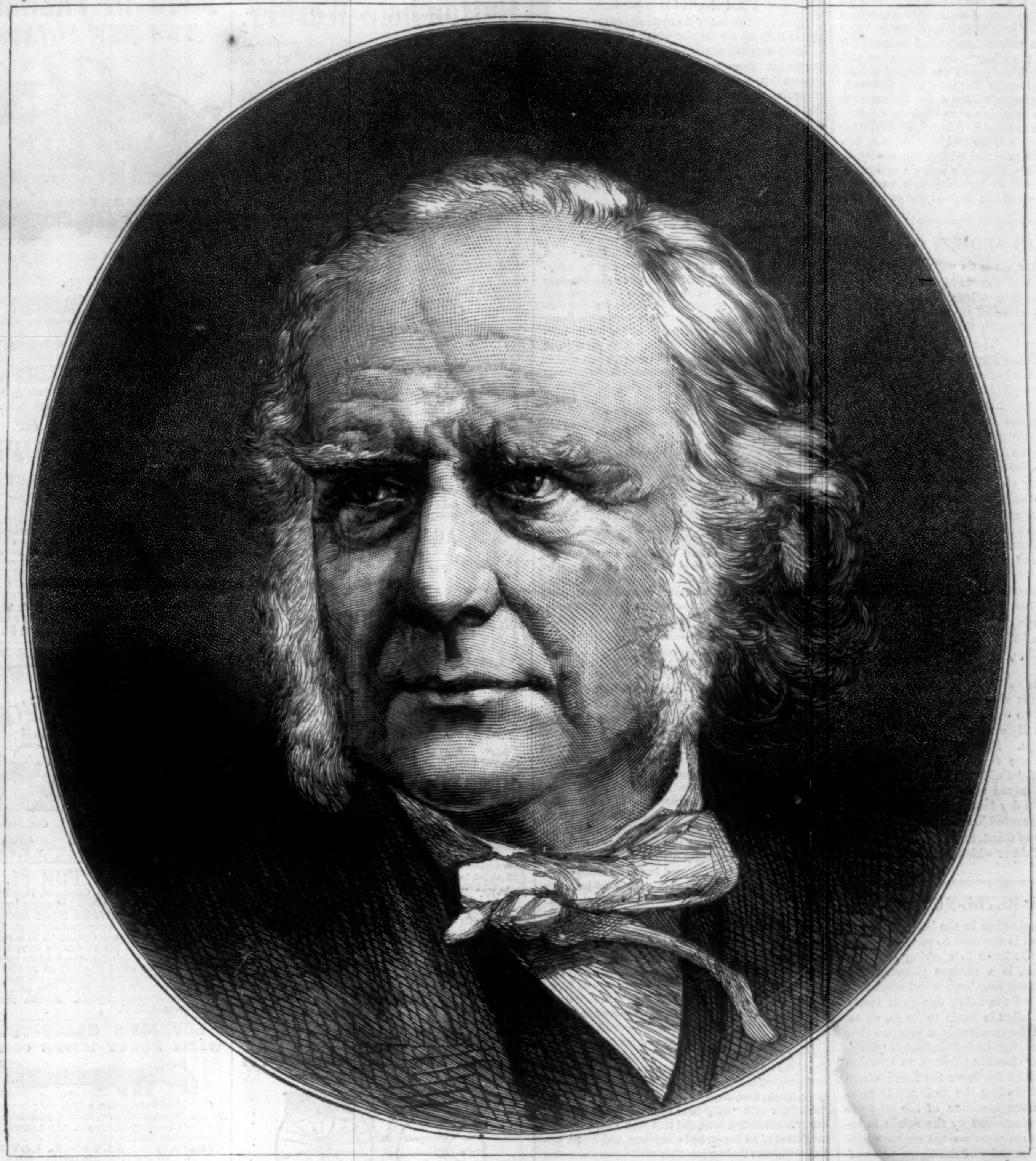
H. H. HADJ ABDESLAM, PRINCE OF WAZZAM, GRAND SHEREEF OF MOROCCO.



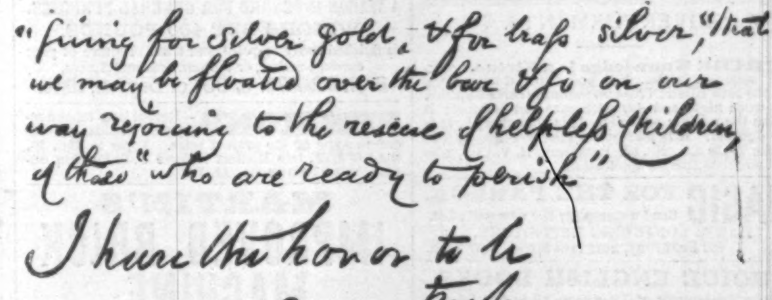
H. H. EMILY, PRINCESS OF WAZZAM, GRAND SHEREEFA OF MOROCCO.—[See Page 298.]



ARAB AND CAMEL.—From the Picture by J. F. Lewis, R.A.—[See Page 302.]



THE LATE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.



"giving for silver gold, & for brass silver," that
we may be floated over the bar & go on our
way rejoicing to the rescue of helpless children,
of those "who are ready to perish."

I have the honor to be
yours truly
Thomas Guthrie.

## THE LATE DR. GUTHRIE.

The Rev. **Thomas Guthrie**, D.D., born at Brechin, Forfar, in 1803, was the son of an influential merchant and banker of that place. He was educated at Edinburgh, and licensed as a preacher in 1825. After spending some months upon the Continent in the study of anatomy, chemistry, and natural philosophy, he returned to Scotland, and for two years worked in his father's bank. In 1830 he commenced his career as a clergyman, being ordained to the ministry of Arbirlot, in his native county, and in 1837 was appointed one of the ministers of the Old Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, where his preaching attracted such crowded congregations that a new church (St. John's) was erected specially for him, and soon became the most popular in the city. It was here that he began to take that prominent part in the Non-intrusion controversy which has linked his name so closely with those of **Chalmers**, **Candlish**, and **Cunningham**, and which ended in the secession of four hundred ministers, who resigned their livings in the Established Church rather than submit to the interference of the state with what they deemed to be the Scriptural right of the people to a voice in the selection of their spiritual teachers.

The chief exploit of his life was his famous "Manse Tour" in 1845. The ministers who for conscience sake had left their comfortable "manses"—*Anglice*, parsonages—were wretchedly housed and provided for, and Dr. **Guthrie** conceived the idea of traveling through Scotland to collect £116,000 wherewith to start a fund for manse building. This he always looked back upon as his greatest achievement, and the great labor which it involved brought on that heart-disease which ultimately shortened his days. In connection with this matter we may mention a very clever and friendly spirited caricature, by the Rev. **Wallace Duncan**, of Peebles, in which the "big beggarman," as Dr. **Guthrie** was fond of calling himself, is represented trudging cheerfully along, staff in hand, and bearing upon his back the enormous load of the seven hundred homes then to be built for the houseless Free Church ministers. The sketch is entitled "The Modern Samson," and was published in aid of the manse fund. It is now very rare.

Dr. **Guthrie** was also one of the first promoters of ragged schools, and beyond doubt their most eloquent advocate. He was a fervid and impassioned preacher, alternately moving his audience to uncontrollable laughter, and then melting them to tears; his picturesque language, profuse imagery, and thrilling pathos were irresistible, and his largeness of heart, catholicity of spirit, and geniality made him respected and beloved by men of every creed and sect. In 1862 he was Moderator of the Free Church. Since then, by medical advice, he has but rarely appeared in the pulpit, but has been especially earnest in his advocacy of the Waldensian Church, and the extension of its work from the ancestral valleys to the wide-spread field of Italy. His principal literary works are, *The Gospel in Ezekiel*, *Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints*, *The Way to Life*, *The City: its Sins and Sorrows*, and some others. He was also well known as the editor of the *Sunday Magazine*.

The malady from which he had suffered for twenty-four years was much aggravated last autumn by an attack of rheumatism. He gradually became worse, and for some days before his death all hopes of his recovery had been given up. He died on the 24th of February, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and was buried at Edinburgh on the 28th. The funeral ceremony attracted an immense crowd of sorrowing sympathizers. The procession was a mile in length, and included the leading men of the Church, the corporation, and the university. The boys of the Ragged School and of the Industrial Brigade also followed. During Dr. Guthrie's illness the Queen sent more than once inquiring as to his progress, and after his demise the Duke of Argyll, by desire of her Majesty, sent a letter to his eldest son, expressing "to the bereaved widow and family of Dr. Guthrie her Majesty's sincere sympathy with them, as well as her Majesty's very true sorrow for the loss of one so good and so useful."

## THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL.

The lower illustration on page 300 is a characteristic picture of the "Ship of the Desert" and its commanding officer. The engraving conveys a vivid sense of the heat and drought which we associate with those countries where the camel is found. The surface of the ground is totally bare of vegetation, and the broad elastic foot of the camel is just suited to alternate tracts of rough rock or yielding sand. The sky appears intensely and monotonously blue; not a cloud is visible, and it is evident that waterproof wrappers are not favorite articles of importation among the Arabs. The vegetable creation is represented by a couple of palm-trees. And what shall we say about the camel? Shall we describe him out of our "inner consciousness," as that ingenious and oft-quoted German did? To our fancy the camel appears the very impersonation of the East. He is a queer-looking fellow, the camel, and a newly landed foreign horse is generally horribly afraid of him. No wonder, for he is such an odd mixture. The profile of his face is just that of a Nubian negro, his neck (like Annie Laurie's) is like the swan, while his body is that of a bullock which has suffered from chronic rheumatism, set on the legs of an elderly cab horse from the land of Brobdingnag. As for his hide, it is so hard and dry, it seems the very reflex of the climate. Modern travelers have been wont to abuse the camel, and to describe him as an ill-tempered brute, often afflicted with the mange. But is not the life he leads enough to sour the sweetest temper! Fancy trudging on for days with nothing to eat except a cake of millet mixed with gum, and an occasional nibble at a dry bush by the way-side, as flavorless as a discarded hearth broom! Fancy suffering agonies of thirst, and being loaded with goat-skins full of water which you are not allowed to taste!

## THE BETEL-NUT.

There is a fascination in the betel-nut more extraordinary than in the tobacco passion. The consumption of the latter in chewing alone, in the United States, is a modern phenomenon. An inveterate chewer may have moral resolution enough to break off the habit, though it rarely happens that an effort is made to do so, as an apology is found for continuing a practice that is positively destroying the foundations of health. Once addicted to chewing tobacco, to abandon it is an achievement few have the happiness to perform, notwithstanding the melancholy mortality of men in the meridian of life who are constantly being destroyed by the subtle influence of that strange plant on the nervous system. Thus sudden palsy of the heart, palsy of a limb, palsy of one-half the tongue, and even instantaneous death, are traceable by physicians to excessive use of tobacco. But the vice of betel-nut chewing is still more remarkable. When the habit is established there seems no retreat. The victim wears out his teeth, gums, and digestion, and dies with an unsatisfied longing for another quid. Betel-nut trees thrive in most parts of tropical India, the Indian Archipelago, and the Philippine Islands. They grow up gracefully about thirty feet, rarely more than eight inches in diameter. It is an areca catechu. Penang is the universal name of the nut in those places where it is produced; hence Pulo Penang means a betel-nut island. At six years of age the tree commences bearing nuts of the size of a small pullet's egg, of a bright yellow color, inclosed in a husk similar to that of the cocoa-nut; within is a spherical nut, very much like a nutmeg. Broken, a bit of it is wrapped up with a piece of unslacked lime in a peculiar leaf, the Siri betelpiper, extensively cultivated for that purpose. The gums and mucous membrane of the mouth are quickly stained a brick red; the teeth crumble to a level with the gums; and in that condition an inveterate betel-chewer is wretched without a supply. There are large plantations of betel-nut trees in Java to meet the demand for home consumption and in distant provinces. To augment the pleasure, those who can afford it add tobacco to the lime.

The Reputation of the Improved Wilson Sewing-Machine is so thoroughly established that no word in its commendation is necessary. The plan adopted by the manufacturers of this famous machine of placing their prices so low as to come within the reach of the poorer classes, certainly entitles them to the gratitude of those who are really most in need of such an article. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[Com.]

## THE WINTER CLIMATES OF THE FAR NORTHWEST.

The climatic record of the engineers of the Northern Pacific Railroad for the past winter presents some interesting data bearing upon the future of the great Northwest. From the official statements published, it appears that, despite the extraordinary rigors and excessive snows of the past winter, the snow-fences along that line have enabled the trains to run with but little interruption. Although the winter is one of those of cyclical cold, it has visited the Eastern States and Canada almost as roughly as the farther West. In the Rocky Mountains, east of the main divide, at Bozeman, near the summit level of the Northern Pacific, from the 5th to the 25th of January (mid-winter) inclusive, the average temperature was above the freezing point, and it is strikingly noticeable that in Montana the winter is, in point of mildness, in strong contrast to that experienced in Minnesota and Wisconsin, as also, it might be added, that usually felt in Canada. So marked was this mildness that the farmers in Montana began their plowing in the last days of January. But the winter climates of Oregon and Washington Territory exhibit still more striking contrasts with those of the States which border the Upper Mississippi and lakes, and, indeed, of the whole East. The bland and uniform condition which prevails on the Pacific belt may be inferred from the fact that at Portland, Oregon, the mean temperature for January was forty-five degrees above zero, with but one snow of two and a half inches, the grass growing and flowers blooming early in February, without artificial protection. The comparatively low levels of the Northern Pacific route, its holding largely to the river valleys of the Missouri, Yellowstone, and Columbia—all natural avenues to the Pacific Ocean—together with the oceanic warmth of the Asiatic marine current, wafted over these regions by the westerly winds, explain their comparative mildness in winter. While every where east of the Rocky Mountains the winter of 1872–73 has been exceptionally cold, the Pacific seaboard has been unusually free from the biting blast and the snow storm of the Atlantic belt. These facts have a most important bearing on the future of the Northwestern tier of Territories, and warrant the conclusion of many eminent geographers and statesmen that these Territories will constitute an empire of wealth in themselves.—[New York Times [illegible]orial.]

## DIAMONDS.

In the selection and purchase of Diamonds, those who have had little experience in the operation, and have given but little thought to it, will do well to take the deliberate judgment of some respectable jeweler, who can give scientific and artistic as well as mercantile reasons for his advice. It is the object of Starr & Marcus, 22 John Street (up stairs), to establish for themselves such a reputation in this particular as can only be obtained and retained by study and intelligence as well as by honesty in imparting to their customers the conclusions which they reach themselves. To fix absolute tables for the valuation of Diamonds in the present condition alike of the supply and of the demand is simply impossible. To affect to do so is mere charlatanism. The tables used in the trade are based on the general assumption that a Diamond increases in value in proportion to its weight, and in the ratio of the square of its weight. They were drawn up by Jeffries, an Englishman, in 1750, and were accurate enough perhaps in the days when the Regent of Orleans paid Governor Pitt £135,000 for a Diamond of 136 carats, and the Armenian Schaffras obtained of the Empress Catharine II. 450,000 roubles, a pension of 20,000 a year more, and a patent of nobility, for the "Orloff Diamond" of 194 carats. But in our own times Diamonds above five carats find fewer, and Diamonds of five carats and less incomparably more buyers than a century ago. All that can now be said to be certain about the value of Diamonds is that a fairly sized stone, well proportioned, properly cut, free from any tinge of color, speck, flaw, mark, or fissure, neither marred with "silk" nor with "salt," is of higher value now than it has ever heretofore been, and that such a stone may be purchased of an honest and competent dealer with perfect confidence that no probable contingency will ever in the lifetime of this generation, cause any considerable depreciation.—[Com.]

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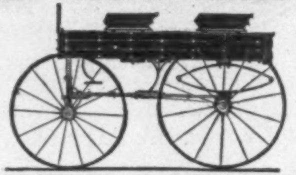

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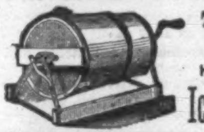

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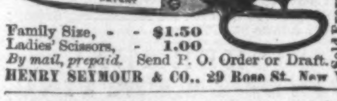

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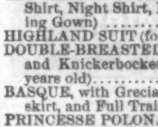

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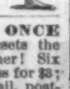

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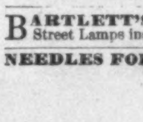

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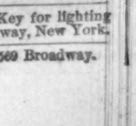

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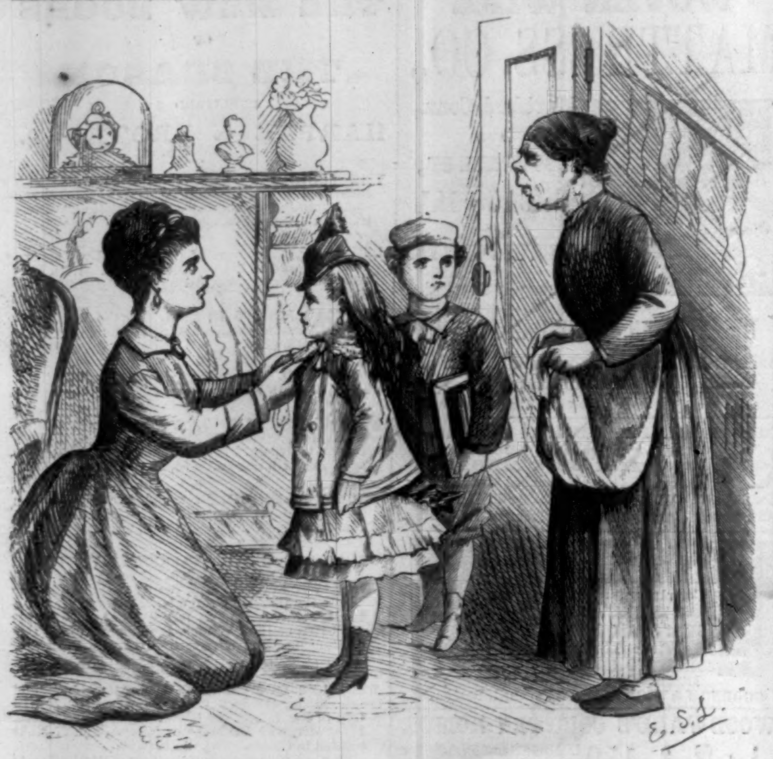

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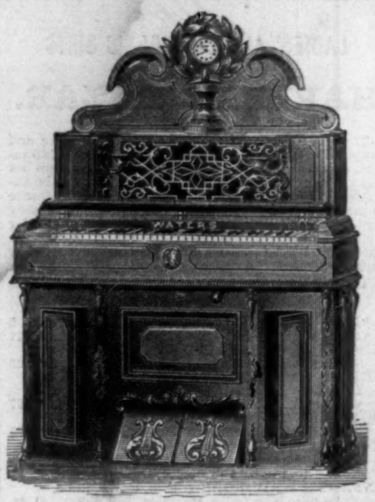

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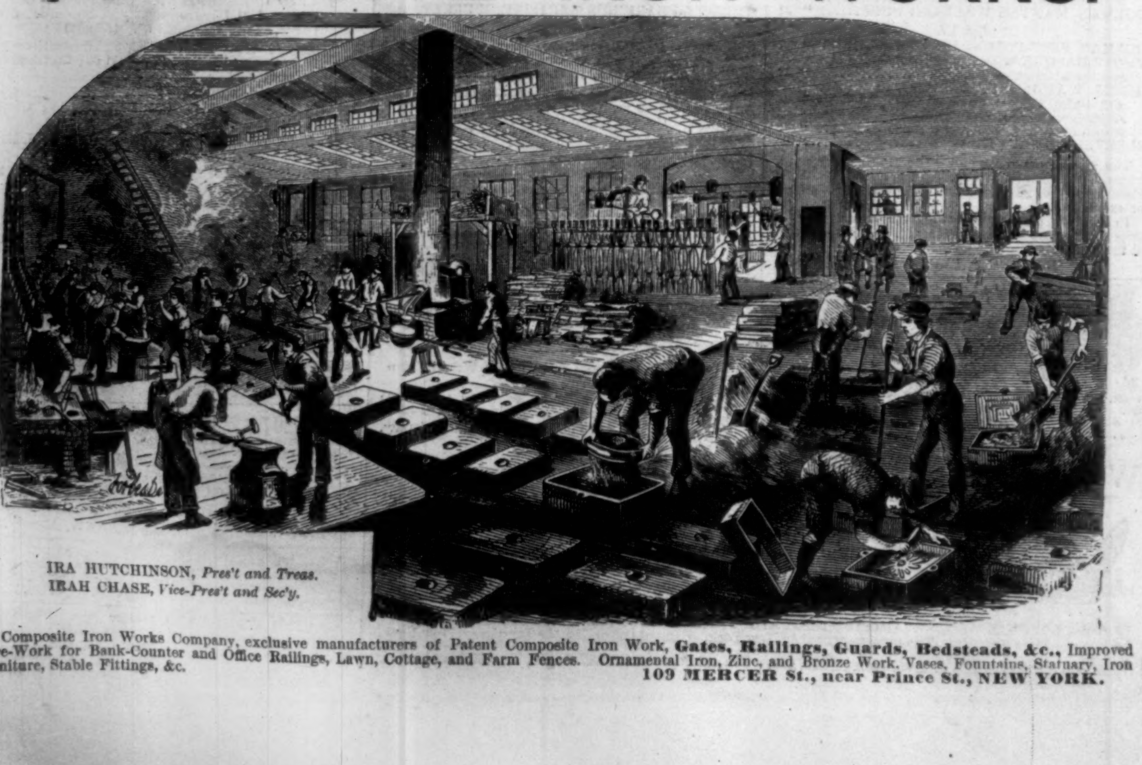

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[Continued from No. 849, Page 288.]

# THE PARISIANS.

### By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," Etc., Etc.

## BOOK THIRD.

### CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Just as Bacourt finished that last sentence Isaura lifted the head which had hitherto bent in an earnest listening attitude that seemed to justify the doctor's remarks, and looked round. Her eyes met Graham's with the fearless candor which made half the charm of their bright yet soft intelligence. But she dropped them suddenly with a half start and a change of color, for the expression of Graham's face was unlike that which she had hitherto seen on it—it was hard, stern, somewhat disdainful. A minute or so afterward she rose, and in passing across the room toward the group round the host paused at a table covered with books and prints near to which Graham was standing—alone. The doctor had departed in company with the German count.

Isaura took up one of the prints.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Sorrento—my Sorrento! Have you ever visited Sorrento, Mr. Vane?"

Her question and her movement were evidently in conciliation. Was the conciliation prompted by coquetry, or by a sentiment more innocent and artless?

Graham doubted, and replied, coldly, as he bent over the print,

"I once staid there a few days, but my recollection of it is not sufficiently lively to enable me to recognize its features in this design."

"That is the house, at least so they say, of Tasso's father; of course you visited that?"

"Yes, it was a hotel in my time; I lodged there."

"And I, too. There I first read *The Gerusalemme.*" The last words were said in Italian, with a low measured tone, inwardly and dreamily.

A somewhat sharp and incisive voice speaking in French here struck in and prevented Graham's rejoinder: "*Quel joli dessin!* What is it, mademoiselle?"

Graham recoiled: the speaker was Gustave Rameau, who had, unobserved, first watched Isaura, then rejoined her side.

"A view of Sorrento, monsieur; but it does not do justice to the place. I was pointing out the house which belonged to Tasso's father."

"Tasso! *Hein!* and which is the fair Eleonora's?"

"Monsieur," answered Isaura, rather startled at that question from a professed *homme de lettres*, "Eleonora did not live at Sorrento."

"*Tant pis pour Sorrente,*" said the *homme de lettres*, carelessly. "No one would care for Tasso if it were not for Eleonora."

"I should rather have thought," said Graham, "that no one would have cared for Eleonora if it were not for Tasso."

Rameau glanced at the Englishman superciliously.

"*Pardon, monsieur*, in every age a love-story keeps its interest; but who cares nowadays for *le clinquant du Tasse?*"

"*Le clinquant du Tasse!*" exclaimed Isaura, indignantly.

"The expression is Boileau's, mademoiselle, in ridicule of the '*Sot de qualité*,' who prefers

> '*Le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.*'

But for my part, I have as little faith in the last as the first."

"I do not know Latin, and have therefore not read Virgil," said Isaura.

"Possibly," remarked Graham, "monsieur does not know Italian, and has therefore not read Tasso."

"If that be meant in sarcasm," retorted Rameau, "I construe it as a compliment. A Frenchman who is contented to study the masterpieces of modern literature need learn no language and read no authors but his own."

Isaura laughed her pleasant silvery laugh. "I should admire the frankness of that boast, monsieur, if in our talk just now you had not spoken as contemptuously of what we are accustomed to consider French masterpieces as you have done of Virgil and Tasso."

"Ah, mademoiselle! it is not my fault if you have had teachers of taste so *rococo* as to bid you find masterpieces in the tiresome stilted tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Poetry of a court, not of a people—one simple novel, one simple stanza that probes the hidden recesses of the human heart, reveals the sores of this wretched social state, denounces the evils of superstition, kingcraft, and priestcraft—is worth a library of the rubbish which pedagogues call 'the classics.' We agree, at least, in one thing, mademoiselle—we both do homage to the genius of your friend, Madame de Grantmesnil."

"Your friend, signorina!" cried Graham, incredulously; "is Madame de Grantmesnil your friend?"

"The dearest I have in the world."

Graham's face darkened; he turned away in silence, and in another minute vanished from the room, persuading himself that he felt not one pang of jealousy in leaving Gustave Rameau by the side of Isaura. "Her dearest friend, Madame de Grantmesnil!" he muttered.

A word now on Isaura's chief correspondent. Madame de Grantmesnil was a woman of noble birth and ample fortune. She had separated from her husband in the second year after marriage. She was a singularly eloquent writer, surpassed among contemporaries of her sex in popularity and renown only by George Sand.

At least as fearless as that great novelist in the frank exposition of her views, she had commenced her career in letters by a work of astonishing power and pathos, directed against the institution of marriage as regulated in Roman Catholic communities. I do not know that it said more on this delicate subject than the English Milton has said; but then Milton did not write for a Roman Catholic community, nor adopt a style likely to captivate the working classes. Madame de Grantmesnil's first book was deemed an attack on the religion of the country, and captivated those among the working classes who had already abjured that religion. This work was followed up by others more or less in defiance of "received opinions;" some with political, some with social revolutionary aim and tendency, but always with a singular purity of style. Search all her books, and however you might revolt from her doctrine, you could not find a hazardous expression. The novels of English young ladies are naughty in comparison. Of late years whatever might be hard or audacious in her political or social doctrines softened itself into charm amidst the golden haze of romance. Her writings had grown more and more purely artistic—poetizing what is good and beautiful in the realities of life rather than creating a false ideal out of what is vicious and deformed. Such a woman, separated young from her husband, could not enunciate such opinions and lead a life so independent and uncontrolled as Madame de Grantmesnil had done without scandal, without calumny. Nothing, however, in her actual life had ever been so proved against her as to lower the high position she occupied in right of birth, fortune, renown. Wherever she went she was *fêtée*—as in England foreign princes, and in America foreign authors, are *fêtés*. Those who knew her well concurred in praise of her lofty, generous, lovable qualities. Madame de Grantmesnil had known Mr. Selby; and when at his death Isaura, in the innocent age between childhood and youth, had been left the most sorrowful and most lonely creature on the face of the earth, this famous woman, worshiped by the rich for her intellect, adored by the poor for her beneficence, came to the orphan's friendless side, breathing love once more into her pining heart, and waking for the first time the desires of genius, the aspirations of art, in the dim self-consciousness of a soul between sleep and waking.

But, my dear Englishman, put yourself in Graham's place, and suppose that you were beginning to fall in love with a girl whom for many good reasons you ought not to marry; suppose that in the same hour in which you were angrily conscious of jealousy on account of a man whom it wounds your self-esteem to consider a rival, the girl tells you that her dearest friend is a woman who is famed for her hostility to the institution of marriage!

### CHAPTER IV.

On the same day in which Graham dined with the Savarins, M. Louvier assembled round his table the *élite* of the young Parisians who constitute the oligarchy of fashion, to meet whom he had invited his new friend the Marquis de Rochebriant. Most of them belonged to the Legitimist party—the *noblesse* of the *faubourg;* those who did not, belonged to no political party at all—indifferent to the cares of mortal states as the gods of Epicurus. Foremost among this *jeunesse dorée* were Alain's kinsmen, Raoul and Enguerrand de Vandemar. To these Louvier introduced him with a burly parental *bonhomie*, as if he were the head of the family. "I need not bid you, young folks, to make friends with each other. A Vandemar and a Rochebriant are not made friends—they are born friends." So saying he turned to his other guests.

Almost in an instant Alain felt his constraint melt away in the cordial warmth with which his cousins greeted him.

These young men had a striking family likeness to each other, and yet in feature, coloring, and expression, in all save that strange family likeness, they were contrasts.

Raoul was tall, and though inclined to be slender, with sufficient breadth of shoulder to indicate no inconsiderable strength of frame. His hair worn short, and his silky beard worn long, were dark, so were his eyes, shaded by curved drooping eyelashes; his complexion was pale, but clear and healthful. In repose the expression of his face was that of a somewhat melancholy indolence, but in speaking it became singularly sweet, with a smile of the exquisite urbanity which no artificial politeness can bestow: it must emanate from that native high breeding which has its source in goodness of heart.

Enguerrand was fair, with curly locks of golden chestnut. He wore no beard, only a small mustache, rather darker than his hair. His complexion might in itself be called effeminate, its bloom was so fresh and delicate, but there was so much of boldness and energy in the play of his countenance, the hardy outline of the lips, and the open breadth of the forehead, that "effeminate" was an epithet no one ever assigned to his aspect. He was somewhat under the middle height, but beautifully proportioned, carried himself well, and somehow or other did not look short even by the side of tall men. Altogether he seemed formed to be a mother's darling, and spoiled by women, yet to hold his own among men with a strength of will more evident in his look and his bearing than it was in those of his graver and statelier brother.

Both were considered by their young coequals models in dress, but in Raoul there was no sign that care or thought upon dress had been bestowed; the simplicity of his costume was absolute and severe. On his plain shirt-front there gleamed not a stud, on his fingers there sparkled not a ring. Enguerrand, on the contrary, was not without pretension in his attire; the *broderie* in his shirt-front seemed woven by the queen of the fairies. His rings of turquoise and opal, his studs and wrist buttons of pearl and brilliants, must have cost double the rental of Rochebriant, but probably they cost him nothing. He was one of those happy Lotharios to whom Calistas make constant presents. All about him was so bright that the atmosphere around seemed gayer for his presence.

In one respect, at least, the brothers closely resembled each other—in that exquisite graciousness of manner for which the genuine French noble is traditionally renowned—a graciousness that did not desert them even when they came reluctantly into contact with *roturiers* or republicans; but the graciousness became *égalité, fraternité* toward one of their caste and kindred.

"We must do our best to make Paris pleasant to you," said Raoul, still retaining in his grasp the hand he had taken.

"*Vilain cousin,*" said the livelier Enguerrand, "to have been in Paris twenty-four hours, and without letting us know."

"Has not your father told you that I called upon him?"

"Our father," answered Raoul, "was not so savage as to conceal that fact, but he said you were only here on business for a day or two, had declined his invitation, and would not give your address. *Pauvre père!* we scolded him well for letting you escape from us thus. My mother has not forgiven him yet; we must present you to her to-morrow. I answer for your liking her almost as much as she will like you."

Before Alain could answer dinner was announced. Alain's place at dinner was between his cousins. How pleasant they made themselves! It was the first time in which Alain had been brought into such familiar conversation with countrymen of his own rank as well as his own age. His heart warmed to them. The general talk of the other guests was strange to his ear; it ran much upon horses and races, upon the opera and the ballet; it was enlivened with satirical anecdotes of persons whose names were unknown to the provincial—not a word was said that showed the smallest interest in politics or the slightest acquaintance with literature. The world of these well-born guests seemed one from which all that concerned the great mass of mankind was excluded, yet the talk was that which could only be found in a very polished society; in it there was not much wit, but there was a prevalent vein of gayety, and the gayety was never violent, the laughter was never loud; the scandals circulated might imply cynicism the most absolute, but in language the most refined. The Jockey Club of Paris has its perfume.

Raoul did not mix in the general conversation; he devoted himself pointedly to the amusement of his cousin, explaining to him the point of the anecdotes circulated, or hitting off in terse sentences the characters of the talkers.

Enguerrand was evidently of temper more vivacious than his brother, and contributed freely to the current play of light gossip and mirthful sally.

Louvier, seated between a duke and a Russian prince, said little, except to recommend a wine or an *entrée*, but kept his eye constantly on the Vandemars and Alain.

Immediately after coffee the guests departed. Before they did so, however, Raoul introduced his cousin to those of the party most distinguished by hereditary rank or social position. With these the name of Rochebriant was too historically famous not to insure respect of its owner; they welcomed him among them as if he were their brother.

The French duke claimed him as a connection by an alliance in the fourteenth century; the Russian prince had known the late Marquis, and "trusted that the son would allow him to improve into friendship the acquaintance he had formed with the father."

Those ceremonials over, Raoul linked his arm in Alain's, and said, "I am not going to release you so soon after we have caught you. You must come with me to a house in which I, at least, spend an hour or two every evening. I am at home there. Bah! I take no refusal. Do not suppose I carry you off to Bohemia, a country which, I am sorry to say, Enguerrand now and then visits, but which is to me as unknown as the mountains of the moon. The house I speak of is *comme il faut* to the utmost. It is that of the Contessa di Rimini—a charming Italian by marriage, but by birth and in character French—*jusqu'au bout des ongles.* My mother adores her."

That dinner at M. Louvier's had already effected a great change in the mood and temper of Alain de Rochebriant; he felt, as if by magic, the sense of youth, of rank, of station, which had been so suddenly checked and stifled, warmed to life within his veins. He should have deemed himself a boor had he refused the invitation so frankly tendered. But on reaching the *coupé* which the brothers kept in common, and seeing it only held two he drew back.

"Nay, enter, *mon cher,*" said Raoul, divining the cause of his hesitation; "Enguerrand has gone on to his club."

### CHAPTER V.

"Tell me," said Raoul, when they were in the carriage, "how you came to know M. Louvier?"

"He is my chief mortgagee."

"H'm! that explains it. But you might be in worse hands; the man has a character for liberality."

"Did your father mention to you my circumstances, and the reason that brings me to Paris?"

"Since you put the question point-blank, my dear cousin, he did."

"He told you how poor I am, and how keen must be my life-long struggle to keep Rochebriant as the home of my race."

"He told us all that could make us still more respect the Marquis de Rochebriant, and still more eagerly long to know our cousin and the head of our house," answered Raoul, with a certain nobleness of tone and manner.

Alain pressed his kinsman's hand with grateful emotion.

"Yet," he said, falteringly, "your father agreed with me that my circumstances would not allow me to—"

"Bah!" interrupted Raoul, with a gentle laugh; "my father is a very clever man, doubtless, but he knows only the world of his own day, nothing of the world of ours. I and Enguerrand will call on you to-morrow, to take you to my mother, and before doing so to consult as to affairs in general. On this last matter Enguerrand is an oracle. Here we are at the Contessa's."

### CHAPTER VI.

The Contessa di Rimini received her visitors in a boudoir furnished with much apparent simplicity, but a simplicity by no means inexpensive. The draperies were but of chintz, and the walls covered with the same material, a lively pattern, in which the prevalent tints were rose-color and white; but the ornaments on the mantel-piece, the china stored in the cabinets or arranged in the shelves, the small knickknacks scattered on the tables, were costly rarities of art.

The Contessa herself was a woman who had somewhat passed her thirtieth year, not strikingly handsome, but exquisitely pretty. "There is," said a great French writer, "only one way in which a woman can be handsome, but a hundred thousand ways in which she can be pretty;" and it would be impossible to reckon up the number of ways in which Adeline di Rimini carried off the prize in prettiness.

Yet it would be unjust to the personal attractions of the Contessa to class them all under the word "prettiness." When regarded more attentively, there was an expression in her countenance that might almost be called divine, it spoke so unmistakably of a sweet nature and an untroubled soul. An English poet once described her by repeating the old lines:

> "Her face is like the Milky Way i' the sky—
> A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

She was not alone; an elderly lady sat on an arm-chair by the fire engaged in knitting, and a man, also elderly, and whose dress proclaimed him an ecclesiastic, sat at the opposite corner, with a large Angora cat on his lap.

"I present to you, madame," said Raoul, "my new-found cousin, the seventeenth Marquis de Rochebriant, whom I am proud to consider, on the male side, the head of our house, representing its eldest branch: welcome him for my sake—in future he will be welcome for his own."

The Contessa replied very graciously to this introduction, and made room for Alain on the divan from which she had risen.

The old lady looked up from her knitting, the ecclesiastic removed the cat from his lap. Said the old lady, "I announce myself to M. le Marquis; I knew his mother well enough to be invited to his christening; otherwise I have no pretension to the acquaintance of a cavalier *si beau*, being old—rather deaf—very stupid—exceedingly poor—"

"And," interrupted Raoul, "the woman in all Paris the most adored for *bonté*, and consulted for *savoir vivre* by the young cavaliers whom she deigns to receive. Alain, I present you to Madame de Maury, the widow of a distinguished author and academician, and the daughter of the brave Henri de Gerval, who fought for the good cause in La Vendée. I present you also to the Abbé Vertpré, who has passed his life in the vain endeavor to make other men as good as himself."

"Base flatterer!" said the Abbé, pinching Raoul's ear with one hand, while he extended the other to Alain. "Do not let your cousin frighten you from knowing me, M. le Marquis. When he was my pupil he so convinced me of the incorrigibility of perverse human nature that I now chiefly address myself to the moral improvement of the brute creation. Ask the Contessa if I have not achieved a *beau succès* with her Angora cat. Three months ago that creature had the two worst propensities of man. He was at once savage and mean; he bit, he stole. Does he ever bite now? No. Does he ever steal? No. Why? I have awakened in that cat the dormant conscience, and that done, the conscience regulates his actions: once made aware of the difference between wrong and right, the cat maintains it unswervingly, as if it were a law of nature. But if, with prodigious labor, one does awaken conscience in a human sinner, it has no steady effect on his conduct—he continues to sin all the same. Mankind at Paris, Monsieur le Marquis, is divided between two classes—one bites and the other steals: shun both; devote yourself to cats."

The Abbé delivered his oration with a gravity of mien and tone which made it difficult to guess whether he spoke in sport or in earnest—in simple playfulness or in latent sarcasm.

But on the brow and in the eye of the priest there was a general expression of quiet benevolence, which made Alain incline to the belief that he was only speaking as a pleasant humorist; and the Marquis replied, gayly,

"Monsieur l'Abbé, admitting the superior virtue of cats, when taught by so intelligent a preceptor, still the business of human life is not transacted by cats; and since men must deal with men, permit me, as a preliminary caution, to inquire in which class I must rank yourself. Do you bite, or do you steal?"

This sally, which showed that the Marquis was already shaking off his provincial reserve, met with great success.

Raoul and the Contessa laughed merrily; Madame de Maury clapped her hands, and cried, "*Bien!*"

The Abbé replied, with unmoved gravity, "Both. I am a priest; it is my duty to bite the bad and steal from the good, as you will see, M. le Marquis, if you will glance at this paper."

Here he handed to Alain a memorial on behalf of an afflicted family who had been burned out of their home, and reduced from comparative ease to absolute want. There was a list appended of some twenty subscribers, the last being the Contessa, fifty francs, and Madame de Maury, five.

"Allow me, Marquis," said the Abbé, "to steal from you; bless you twofold, *mon fils!*" (taking the napoleon Alain extended to him)—"first, for your charity; secondly, for the effect of its example upon the heart of your cousin. Raoul de Vandemar, stand and deliver. Bah! —what! only ten francs."

Raoul made a sign to the Abbé, unperceived by the rest, as he answered, "Abbé, I should excel your expectations of my career if I always continue worth half as much as my cousin."

Alain felt to the bottom of his heart the delicate tact of his richer kinsman in giving less than himself, and the Abbé replied, "Niggard, you are pardoned. Humility is a more difficult virtue to produce than charity, and in your case an instance of it is so rare that it merits encouragement."

The "tea equipage" was now served in what at Paris is called the English fashion; the Contessa presided over it, the guests gathered round the table, and the evening passed away in the innocent gayety of a domestic circle. The talk, if not especially intellectual, was, at least, not fashionable—books were not discussed, neither were scandals; yet somehow or other it was cheery and animated, like that of a happy family in a country house. Alain thought still the better of Raoul that, Parisian though he was, he could appreciate the charm of an evening so innocently spent.

On taking leave, the Contessa gave Alain a general invitation to drop in whenever he was not better engaged.

"I except only the opera nights," said she. "My husband has gone to Milan on his affairs, and during his absence I do not go to parties; the opera I can not resist."

Raoul set Alain down at his lodgings. "*Au revoir;* to-morrow at one o'clock expect Enguerrand and myself."

## CHAPTER VII.

Raoul and Enguerrand called on Alain at the hour fixed.

"In the first place," said Raoul, "I must beg you to accept my mother's regrets that she can not receive you to-day. She and the Contessa belong to a society of ladies formed for visiting the poor, and this is their day; but to-morrow you must dine with us *en famille.* Now to business. Allow me to light my cigar while you confide the whole state of affairs to Enguerrand: whatever he counsels I am sure to approve."

Alain, as briefly as he could, stated his circumstances, his mortgages, and the hopes which his *avoué* had encouraged him to place in the friendly disposition of M. Louvier. When he had concluded, Enguerrand mused for a few moments before replying. At last he said, "Will you trust me to call on Louvier on your behalf? I shall but inquire if he is inclined to take on himself the other mortgages; and if so, on what terms. Our relationship gives me the excuse for my interference; and, to say truth, I have had much familiar intercourse with the man. I too am a speculator, and have often profited by Louvier's advice. You may ask what can be his object in serving me; he can gain nothing by it. To this I answer, the key to his good offices is in his character. Audacious though he be as a speculator, he is wonderfully prudent as a politician. This *belle France* of ours is like a stage tumbler; one can never be sure whether it will stand on its head or its feet. Louvier very wisely wishes to feel himself safe, whatever party comes uppermost. He has no faith in the duration of the empire; and as, at all events, the empire will not confiscate his millions, he takes no trouble in conciliating Imperialists. But on the principle which induces certain savages to worship the devil and neglect the *bon Dieu,* because the devil is spiteful and the *bon Dieu* is too beneficent to injure them, Louvier, at heart detesting as well as dreading a republic, lays himself out to secure friends with the Republicans of all classes, and pretends to espouse their cause. Next to them he is very conciliatory to the Orleanists. Lastly, though he thinks the Legitimists have no chance, he desires to keep well with the nobles of that party, because they exercise a considerable influence over that sphere of opinion which belongs to fashion; for fashion is never powerless in Paris. Raoul and myself are no mean authorities in *salons* and clubs; and a good word from us is worth having.

"Besides, Louvier himself in his youth set up for a dandy; and that deposed ruler of dandies, our unfortunate kinsman, Victor de Mauléon, shed some of his own radiance on the money-lender's son. But when Victor's star was eclipsed, Louvier ceased to gleam. The dandies cut him. In his heart he exults that the dandies now throng to his *soirées. Bref,* the *millionnaire* is especially civil to me—the more so as I know intimately two or three eminent journalists; and Louvier takes pains to plant garrisons in the press. I trust I have explained the grounds on which I may be a better diplomatist to employ than your *avoué;* and with your leave I will go to Louvier at once."

"Let him go," said Raoul. "Enguerrand never fails in any thing he undertakes, especially," he added, with a smile half sad, half tender, "when one wishes to replenish one's purse."

"I, too, gratefully grant such an embassador all powers to treat," said Alain. "I am only ashamed to consign to him a post so much beneath his genius," and "his birth" he was about to add, but wisely checked himself. Enguerrand said, shrugging his shoulders, "You can't do me a greater kindness than by setting my wits at work. I fall a martyr to *ennui* when I am not in action," he said, and was gone.

"It makes me very melancholy at times," said Raoul, flinging away the end of his cigar, "to think that a man so clever and so energetic as Enguerrand should be as much excluded from the service of his country as if he were an Iroquois Indian. He would have made a great diplomatist."

"Alas!" replied Alain, with a sigh, "I begin to doubt whether we Legitimists are justified in maintaining a useless loyalty to a sovereign who renders us morally exiles in the land of our birth."

"I have no doubt on the subject," said Raoul. "We are not justified on the score of policy, but we have no option at present on the score of honor. We should gain so much for ourselves if we adopted the state livery and took the state wages that no man would esteem us as patriots; we should only be despised as apostates. So long as Henry V. lives, and does not resign his claim, we can not be active citizens; we must be mournful lookers-on. But what matters it? We nobles of the old race are becoming rapidly extinct. Under any form of government likely to be established in France we are equally doomed. The French people, aiming at an impossible equality, will never again tolerate a race of *gentilshommes.* They can not prevent, without destroying commerce and capital altogether, a quick succession of men of the day, who form nominal aristocracies much more opposed to equality than any hereditary class of nobles. But they refuse these fleeting substitutes of born patricians all permanent stake in the country, since whatever estate they buy must be subdivided at their death. My poor Alain, you are making it the one ambition of your life to preserve to your posterity the home and lands of your forefathers. How is that possible, even supposing you could redeem the mortgages? You marry some day—you have children, and Rochebriant must then be sold to pay for their separate portions. How this condition of things, while rendering us so ineffective to perform the normal functions of a *noblesse* in public life, affects us in private life may be easily conceived.

"Condemned to a career of pleasure and frivolity, we can scarcely escape from the contagion of extravagant luxury which forms the vice of the time. With grand names to keep up, and small fortunes whereon to keep them, we readily incur embarrassment and debt. Then neediness conquers pride. We can not be great merchants, but we can be small gamblers on the Bourse, or, thanks to the *Crédit Mobilier,* imitate a cabinet minister, and keep a shop under another name. Perhaps you have heard that Enguerrand and I keep a shop. Pray buy your gloves there. Strange fate, for men whose ancestors fought in the first Crusade—*mais que voulez-vous?*"

"I was told of the shop," said Alain, "but the moment I knew you I disbelieved the story."

"Quite true. Shall I confide to you why we resorted to that means of finding ourselves in pocket-money? My father gives us rooms in his hôtel; the use of his table, which we do not much profit by; and an allowance, on which we could not live as young men of our class live at Paris. Enguerrand had his means of spending pocket-money, I mine; but it came to the same thing—the pockets were emptied. We incurred debts. Two years ago my father straitened himself to pay them, saying, 'The next time you come to me with debts, however small, you must pay them yourselves, or you must marry, and leave it to me to find you wives.' This threat appalled us both. A month afterward Enguerrand made a lucky hit at the Bourse, and proposed to invest the proceeds in a shop. I resisted as long as I could, but Enguerrand triumphed over me, as he always does. He found an excellent deputy in a *bonne* who had nursed us in childhood, and married a journeyman perfumer who understands the business. It answers well; we are not in debt, and we have preserved our freedom."

After these confessions Raoul went away, and Alain fell into a mournful reverie, from which he was roused by a loud ring at his bell. He opened the door, and beheld M. Louvier. The burly financier was much out of breath after making so steep an ascent. It was in gasps that he muttered, "*Bon jour;* excuse me if I derange you." Then entering and seating himself on a chair, he took some minutes to recover speech, rolling his eyes staringly round the meagre, unluxurious room, and then concentrating their gaze upon its occupier.

"*Peste,* my dear Marquis!" he said at last; "I hope the next time I visit you the ascent may be less arduous. One would think you were in training to ascend the Himalaya."

The haughty noble writhed under this jest, and the spirit inborn in his order spoke in his answer:

"I am accustomed to dwell on heights, M. Louvier; the castle of Rochebriant is not on a level with the town."

An angry gleam shot from the eyes of the *millionnaire,* but there was no other sign of displeasure in his answer:

"*Bien dit, mon cher:* how you remind me of your father! Now give me leave to speak on affairs. I have seen your cousin, Enguerrand de Vandemar. *Homme de moynes,* though *joli garçon.* He proposed that you should call on me. I said 'no' to the *cher petit* Enguerrand—a visit from me was due to you. To cut matters short, M. Gandrin has allowed me to look into your papers. I was disposed to serve you from the first; I am still more disposed to serve you now. I undertake to pay off all your other mortgages, and become sole mortgagee, and on terms that I have jotted down on this paper, and which I hope will content you."

He placed a paper in Alain's hand, and took out a box, from which he extracted a jujube, placed it in his mouth, folded his hands, and reclined back in his chair, with his eyes half closed, as if exhausted alike by his ascent and his generosity.

In effect, the terms were unexpectedly liberal. The reduced interest on the mortgages would leave the Marquis an income of £1000 a year instead of £400. Louvier proposed to take on himself the legal cost of transfer, and to pay to the Marquis 25,000 francs on the completion of the deed as a bonus. The mortgage did not exempt the building land, as Hébert desired. In all else it was singularly advantageous, and Alain could but feel a thrill of grateful delight at an offer by which his stinted income was raised to comparative affluence.

"Well, Marquis," said Louvier, "what does the castle say to the town?"

"M. Louvier," answered Alain, extending his hand with cordial eagerness, "accept my sincere apologies for the indiscretion of my metaphor. Poverty is proverbially sensitive to jests on it. I owe it to you if I can not hereafter make that excuse for any words of mine that may displease you. The terms you propose are most liberal, and I close with them at once."

"*Bon,*" said Louvier, shaking vehemently the hand offered to him; "I will take the paper to Gandrin, and instruct him accordingly. And now may I attach a condition to the agreement, which is not put down on paper? It may have surprised you perhaps that I should promise a gratuity of 25,000 francs on completion of the contract. It is a droll thing to do, and not in the ordinary way of business; therefore I must explain. Marquis, pardon the liberty I take, but you have inspired me with an interest in your future. With your birth, connections, and figure, you should push your way in the world far and fast. But you can't do so in a province. You must find your opening at Paris. I wish you to spend a year in the capital, and live, not extravagantly, like a *nouveau riche,* but in a way not unsuited to your rank, and permitting you all the social advantages that belong to it. These 25,000 francs, in addition to your improved income, will enable you to gratify my wish in this respect. Spend the money in Paris: you will want every *sou* of it in the course of the year. It will be money well spent. Take my advice, *cher Marquis. Au plaisir.*"

The financier bowed himself out. The young Marquis forgot all the mournful reflections with which Raoul's conversation had inspired him. He gave a new touch to his toilet, and sallied forth with the air of a man on whose morning of life a sun heretofore clouded has burst forth and transformed the face of the landscape.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Since the evening spent at the Savarins' Graham had seen no more of Isaura. He had avoided all chance of seeing her; in fact, the jealousy with which he had viewed her manner toward Rameau, and the angry amaze with which he had heard her proclaim her friendship for Madame de Grantmesnil, served to strengthen the grave and secret reasons which made him desire to keep his heart yet free and his hand yet unpledged. But, alas! the heart was enslaved already. It was under the most fatal of all spells —first love conceived at first sight. He was wretched, and in his wretchedness his resolves became involuntarily weakened. He found himself making excuses for the beloved. What cause had he, after all, for that jealousy of the young poet which had so offended him? And if, in her youth and inexperience, Isaura had made her dearest friend of a great writer by whose genius she might be dazzled, and of whose opinions she might scarcely be aware, was it a crime that necessitated her eternal banishment from the reverence which belongs to all manly love? Certainly he found no satisfactory answers to such self-questionings. And then those grave reasonings known only to himself, and never to be confided to another—why he should yet reserve his hand unpledged—were not so imperative as to admit of no compromise. They might entail a sacrifice, and not a small one to a man of Graham's views and ambition. But what is love if it can think any sacrifice short of duty and honor too great to offer up unknown, uncomprehended, to the one beloved? Still, while thus softened in his feelings toward Isaura, he became, perhaps in consequence of such softening, more and more restlessly impatient to fulfill the object for which he had come to Paris, the great step toward which was the discovery of the undiscoverable Louise Duval.

He had written more than once to M. Renard since the interview with that functionary already recorded, demanding whether Renard had not made some progress in the research on which he was employed, and had received short unsatisfactory replies preaching patience and implying hope.

The plain truth, however, was that M. Renard had taken no further pains in the matter. He considered it utter waste of time and thought to attempt a discovery to which the traces were so faint and so obsolete. If the discovery was effected, it must be by one of those chances which occur without labor or forethought of our own. He trusted only to such a chance in continuing the charge he had undertaken. But during the last day or two Graham had become yet more impatient than before, and peremptorily requested another visit from this dilatory confidant.

In that visit, finding himself pressed hard, and though naturally willing, if possible, to retain a client unusually generous, yet being, on the whole, an honest member of his profession, and feeling it to be somewhat unfair to accept large remuneration for doing nothing, M. Renard said, frankly, "Monsieur, this affair is beyond me; the keenest agent of our police could make nothing of it. Unless you can tell me more than you have done I am utterly without a clew. I resign, therefore, the task with which you honored me, willing to resume it again if you can give me information that could render me of use."

"What sort of information?"

"At least the names of some of the lady's relations who may yet be living."

"But it strikes me that if I could get at that piece of knowledge, I should not require the services of the police. The relations would tell me what had become of Louise Duval quite as readily as they would tell a police agent."

"Quite true, monsieur. It would really be picking your pockets if I did not at once retire from your service. Nay, monsieur, pardon me— no further payments; I have already accepted too much. Your most obedient servant."

Graham, left alone, fell into a very gloomy reverie. He could not but be sensible of the difficulties in the way of the object which had brought him to Paris, with somewhat sanguine expectations of success, founded on a belief in the omniscience of the Parisian police, which is only to be justified when they have to deal with a murderess or a political incendiary. But the name of Louise Duval is about as common in France as that of Mary Smith in England; and the English reader may judge what would be the likely result of inquiring through the ablest of our detectives after some Mary Smith, of whom you could give little more information than that she was the daughter of a drawing-master, who had died twenty years ago, that it was about fifteen years since any thing had been heard of her, and that you could not say if, through marriage or for other reasons, she had changed her name or not, and you had reasons for declining recourse to public advertisements. In the course of inquiry so instituted the probability would be that you might hear of a great many Mary Smiths, in the pursuit of whom your *employé* would lose all sight and scent of the one Mary Smith for whom the chase was instituted.

In the midst of Graham's despairing reflections his *laquais* announced M. Frederic Lemercier.

"*Cher* Grarm-Varn. A thousand pardons if I disturb you at this late hour of the evening; but you remember the request you made me when you first arrived in Paris this season?"

"Of course I do—in case you should ever chance in your wide round of acquaintances to fall in with a Madame or Mademoiselle Duval, of about the age of forty, or a year or so less, to let me know: and you did fall in with two ladies of that name, but they were not the right one—not the person whom my friend begged me to discover—both much too young."

"*Eh bien, mon cher.* If you will come with me to *le bal champêtre* in the Champs Elysées to-night, I can show you a third Madame Duval: her Christian name is Louise, too, of the age you mention—though she does her best to look younger, and is still very handsome. You said your Duval was handsome. It was only last evening that I met this lady at a *soirée* given by Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin, *coryphée distinguée,* in love with young Rameau."

"In love with young Rameau? I am very glad to hear it. He returns the love?"

"I suppose so. He seems very proud of it. But *à propos* of Madame Duval, she has been long absent from Paris—just returned—and looking out for conquests. She says she has a great *penchant* for the English; promises me to be at this ball. Come."

"Hearty thanks, my dear Lemercier. I am at your service."

## CHAPTER IX.

The *bal champêtre* was gay and brilliant, as such festal scenes are at Paris. A lovely night in the midst of May—lamps below and stars above: the society mixed, of course. Evidently, when Graham had singled out Frederic Lemercier from all his acquaintances at Paris to conjoin with the official aid of M. Renard in search of the mysterious lady, he had conjectured the probability that she might be found in the Bohemian world so familiar to Frederic—if not as an inhabitant, at least as an explorer. Bohemia was largely represented at the *bal champêtre,* but not without a fair sprinkling of what we call the "respectable classes," especially English and Americans, who brought their wives there to take care of them. Frenchmen, not needing such care, prudently left their wives at home. Among the Frenchmen of station were the Comte de Passy and the Vicomte de Brézé.

On first entering the gardens Graham's eye was attracted and dazzled by a brilliant form. It was standing under a festoon of flowers extended from tree to tree, and a gas jet opposite shone full upon the face—the face of a girl in all the freshness of youth. If the freshness owed any thing to art, the art was so well disguised that it seemed nature. The beauty of the countenance was Hebe-like, joyous, and radiant, and yet one could not look at the girl without a sentiment of deep mournfulness. She was surrounded by a group of young men, and the ring of her laugh jarred upon Graham's ear. He pressed Frederic's arm, and directing his attention to the girl, asked who she was.

"Who? Don't you know? That is Julie Caumartin. A little while ago her equipage was the most admired in the Bois, and great ladies condescended to copy her dress or her *coiffure*. But she has lost her splendor, and dismissed the rich admirer who supplied the fuel for its blaze, since she fell in love with Gustave Rameau. Doubtless she is expecting him to-night. You ought to know her: shall I present you?"

"No," answered Graham, with a compassionate expression in his manly face. "So young; seemingly so gay. How I pity her!"

"What! for throwing herself away on Rameau? True. There is a great deal of good in her girl's nature, if she had been properly trained. Rameau wrote a pretty poem on her, which turned her head and won her heart, in which she is styled the 'Ondine of Paris'—a nymph-like type of Paris itself."

"Vanishing type, like her namesake; born of the spray, and vanishing soon into the deep," said Graham. "Pray go and look for the Duval: you will find me seated yonder."

Graham passed into a retired alley, and threw himself on a solitary bench, while Lemercier went in search of Madame Duval. In a few minutes the Frenchman reappeared. By his side was a lady, well dressed, and as she passed under the lamps Graham perceived that, though of a certain age, she was undeniably handsome. His heart beat more quickly. Surely this was the Louise Duval he sought.

He rose from his seat, and was presented in due form to the lady, with whom Frederic then discreetly left him.

"Monsieur Lemercier tells me that you think that we were once acquainted with each other."

"Nay, madame; I should not fail to recognize you were that the case. A friend of mine had the honor of knowing a lady of your name; and should I be fortunate enough to meet that lady, I am charged with a commission that may not be unwelcome to her. M. Lemercier tells me your *nom de baptême* is Louise."

"Louise Corinne, monsieur."

"And I presume that Duval is the name you take from your parents."

"No; my father's name was Bernard. I married, when I was a mere child, M. Duval, in the wine trade at Bordeaux."

"Ah, indeed!" said Graham, much disappointed, but looking at her with a keen, searching eye, which she met with a decided frankness. Evidently, in his judgment, she was speaking the truth.

"You know English, I think, madame," he resumed, addressing her in that language.

"A leetle—speak *un peu*."

"Only a little?"

Madame Duval looked puzzled, and replied in French, with a laugh, "Is it that you were told that I spoke English by your countryman, Milord Sare Boulby? *Petit scélérat*, I hope he is well. He sends you a commission for me—so he ought: he behaved to me like a monster."

"Alas! I know nothing of my lord Sir Boulby. Were you never in England yourself?"

"Never"—with a coquettish side glance—"I should like so much to go. I have a foible for the English in spite of that *vilain petit* Boulby. Who is it gave you the commission for me? Ha! I guess—le Capitaine Nelton."

"No. What year, madame, if not impertinent, were you at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"You mean Baden? I was there seven years ago, when I met le Capitaine Nelton—*bel homme aux cheveux rouges*."

"But you have been at Aix?"

"Never."

"I have, then, been mistaken, madame, and have only to offer my most humble apologies."

"But perhaps you will favor me with a visit, and we may on further conversation find that you are not mistaken. I can't stay now, for I am engaged to dance with the Belgian, of whom, no doubt, M. Lemercier has told you."

"No, madame, he has not."

"Well, then, he will tell you. The Belgian is very jealous. But I am always at home bebetween three and four. This is my card."

Graham eagerly took the card, and exclaimed, "Is this your own handwriting, madame?"

"Yes, indeed."

"*Très belle écriture*," said Graham, and receded with a ceremonious bow. "Any thing so unlike *her* handwriting. Another disappointment," muttered the Englishman, as the lady went back to the ball.

A few minutes later Graham joined Lemercier, who was talking with De Passy and De Brézé.

"Well," said Lemercier, when his eye rested on Graham, "I hit the right nail on the head this time, eh?"

Graham shook his head.

"What! Is she not the right Louise Duval?"

"Certainly not."

"The Count de Passy overheard the name, and turned. "Louise Duval," he said; "does Monsieur Vane know a Louise Duval?"

"No; but a friend asked me to inquire after a lady of that name whom he had met many years ago at Paris."

The Count mused a moment, and said, "Is it possible that your friend knew the family De Mauléon?"

"I really can't say. What then?"

"The old Vicomte de Mauléon was one of my most intimate associates. In fact, our houses are connected. And he was extremely grieved, poor man, when his daughter Louise married her drawing-master, Auguste Duval."

"Her drawing-master, Auguste Duval? Pray say on. I think the Louise Duval my friend knew must have been her daughter. She was the only child of a drawing-master or artist named Auguste Duval, and probably enough her Christian name would have been derived from her mother. A Mademoiselle de Mauléon, then, married M. Auguste Duval?"

"Yes; the old Vicomte had espoused *en premières noces* Mademoiselle Camille de Chavigny, a lady of birth equal to his own—had by her one daughter, Louise. I recollect her well—a plain girl, with a high nose and a sour expression. She was just of age when the first Vicomtess died, and by the marriage settlement she succeeded at once to her mother's fortune, which was not large. The Vicomte was, however, so poor that the loss of that income was no trifle to him. Though past fifty, he was still very handsome. Men of that generation did not age soon, monsieur," said the Count, expanding his fine chest and laughing exultingly.

"He married, *en secondes noces*, a lady of still higher birth than the first, and with a much better *dot*. Louise was indignant at this, hated her step-mother, and when a son was born by the second marriage she left the paternal roof, went to reside with an old female relative near the Luxembourg, and there married this drawing-master. Her father and the family did all they could to prevent it; but in these democratic days a woman who has attained her majority can, if she persist in her determination, marry to please herself, and disgrace her ancestors. After that *mésalliance* her father never would see her again. I tried in vain to soften him. All his parental affections settled on his handsome Victor. Ah! you are too young to have known Victor de Mauléon during his short reign at Paris—as *roi des viveurs*."

"Yes, he was before my time; but I have heard of him as a young man of great fashion—said to be very clever, a duelist, and a sort of Don Juan."

"Exactly."

"And then I remember vaguely to have heard that he committed, or was said to have committed, some villainous action connected with a great lady's jewels, and to have left Paris in consequence."

"Ah, yes, a sad scrape. At that time there was a political crisis; we were under a republic; any thing against a noble was believed. But I am sure Victor de Mauléon was not the man to commit a larceny. However, it is quite true that he left Paris, and I don't know what has become of him since." Here he touched De Brézé, who, though still near, had not been listening to this conversation, but interchanging jest and laughter with Lemercier on the motley scene of the dance.

"De Brézé, have you ever heard what became of poor dear Victor de Mauléon? You knew him."

"Knew him? I should think so. Who could be in the great world and not know *le beau* Victor? No; after he vanished I never heard more of him—doubtless long since dead. A good-hearted fellow in spite of all his sins."

"My dear M. de Brézé, did you know his half-sister?" asked Graham—"a Madame Duval?"

"No; I never heard he had a half-sister. Halt there: I recollect that I met Victor once in the garden at Versailles, walking arm in arm with the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and when I complimented him afterward at the Jockey Club on his new conquest, he replied, very gravely, that the young lady was his niece. 'Niece!' said I; 'why, there can't be more than five or six years between you.' 'About that, I suppose,' said he; 'my half-sister, her mother, was more than twenty years older than I at the time of my birth.' I doubted the truth of his story at the time; but since you say he really had a sister, my doubt wronged him."

"Have you never seen this same young lady since?"

"Never."

"How many years ago was this?"

"Let me see—about twenty or twenty-one years ago. How time flies!"

Graham still continued to question, but could learn no further particulars. He turned to quit the gardens just as the band was striking up for a fresh dance, a wild German waltz air, and mingled with that German music his ear caught the sprightly sounds of the French laugh, one laugh distinguished from the rest by a more genuine ring of light-hearted joy—the laugh that he had heard on entering the gardens, and the sound of which had then saddened him. Looking toward the quarter from which it came, he again saw the "Ondine of Paris." She was not now the centre of a group. She had just found Gustave Rameau; and was clinging to his arm with a look of happiness in her face, frank and innocent as a child's. And so they passed amidst the dancers down a solitary lamp-lit alley, till lost to the Englishman's lingering gaze.

## CHAPTER X.

THE next morning Graham sent again for M. Renard.

"Well," he cried, when that dignitary appeared and took a seat beside him; "chance has favored me."

"I always counted on chance, monsieur. Chance has more wit in its little finger than the Paris police in its whole body."

"I have ascertained the relations, on the mother's side, of Louise Duval, and the only question is how to get at them."

Here Graham related what he had heard, and ended by saying, "This Victor de Mauléon is therefore my Louise Duval's uncle. He was, no doubt, taking charge of her in the year that the persons interested in her discovery lost sight of her in Paris; and surely he must know what became of her afterward."

"Very probably; and chance may befriend us yet in the discovery of Victor de Mauléon. You seem not to know the particulars of that story about the jewels which brought him into some connection with the police, and resulted in his disappearance from Paris."

"No; tell me the particulars."

"Victor de Mauléon was heir to some 60,000 or 70,000 francs a year, chiefly on the mother's side; for his father, though the representative of one of the most ancient houses in France, was very poor, having little of his own except the emoluments of an appointment in the court of Louis Philippe.

"But before, by the death of his parents, Victor came into that inheritance, he very largely forestalled it. His tastes were magnificent. He took to 'sport'—kept a famous stud, was a great favorite with the English, and spoke their language fluently. Indeed, he was considered very accomplished, and of considerable intellectual powers. It was generally said that some day or other, when he had sown his wild oats, he would, if he took to politics, be an eminent man. Altogether he was a very strong creature. That was a very strong age under Louis Philippe. The *viveurs* of Paris were fine types for the heroes of Dumas and Sue—full of animal life and spirits. Victor de Mauléon was a romance of Dumas—incarnated."

"M. Renard, forgive me that I did not before do justice to your taste in polite literature."

"Monsieur, a man in my profession does not attain even to my humble eminence if he be not something else than a professional. He must study mankind wherever they are described—even in *les romans*. To return to Victor de Mauléon. Though he was a 'sportman,' a gambler, a Don Juan, a duelist, nothing was ever said against his honor. On the contrary, on matters of honor he was a received oracle; and even though he had fought several duels (that was the age of duels), and was reported without a superior, almost without an equal, in either weapon—the sword or the pistol—he is said never to have wantonly provoked an encounter, and to have so used his skill that he contrived never to slay, nor even gravely to wound, an antagonist.

"I remember one instance of his generosity in this respect, for it was much talked of at the time. One of your countrymen, who had never handled a fencing-foil nor fired a pistol, took offense at something M. de Mauléon had said in disparagement of the Duke of Wellington, and called him out. Victor de Mauléon accepted the challenge, discharged his pistol, not in the air—that might have been an affront—but so as to be wide of the mark, walked up to the lines to be shot at, and when missed, said, 'Excuse the susceptibility of a Frenchman, loath to believe that his countrymen can be beaten save by accident, and accept every apology one gentleman can make to another for having forgotten the respect due to one of the most renowned of your national heroes.' The Englishman's name was Vane. Could it have been your father?"

"Very probably; just like my father to call out any man who insulted the honor of his country, as represented by its men. I hope the two combatants became friends?"

"That I never heard; the duel was over—there my story ends."

"Pray go on."

"One day—it was in the midst of political events which would have silenced most subjects of private gossip—*the beau monde* was startled by the news that the Vicomte (he was then, by his father's death, Vicomte) de Mauléon had been given into the custody of the police on the charge of stealing the jewels of the Duchesse de —— (the wife of a distinguished foreigner). It seems that some days before this event the Duc, wishing to make madame, his spouse, an agreeable surprise, had resolved to have a diamond necklace belonging to her, and which was of setting so old-fashioned that she had not lately worn it, reset for her birthday. He therefore secretly possessed himself of the key to an iron safe in a cabinet adjoining her dressing-room (in which safe her more valuable jewels were kept), and took from it the necklace. Imagine his dismay when the jeweler in the Rue Vivienne to whom he carried it, recognized the pretended diamonds as imitation paste which he himself had some days previously inserted into an empty setting brought to him by a monsieur with whose name he was unacquainted. The Duchesse was at that time in delicate health; and as the Duc's suspicions naturally fell on the servants, especially on the *femme de chambre*, who was in great favor with his wife, he did not like to alarm madame, nor through her to put the servants on their guard. He resolved, therefore, to place the matter in the hands of the famous ——, who was then the pride and ornament of the Parisian police. And the very night afterward the Vicomte de Mauléon was caught and apprehended in the cabinet where the jewels were kept, and to which he had got access by a false key, or at least a duplicate key, found in his possession. I should observe that M. de Mauléon occupied the *entresol* in the same hotel in which the upper rooms were devoted to the Duc and Duchesse and their suit. As soon as this charge against the Vicomte was made known (and it was known the next morning) the extent of his debts and the utterness of his ruin (before scarcely conjectured, or wholly unheeded) became public through the medium of the journals, and furnished an obvious motive for the crime of which he was accused. We Parisians, monsieur, are subject to the most startling reactions of feeling. The men we adore one day we execrate the next. The Vicomte passed at once from the popular admiration one bestows on a hero to the popular contempt with which one regards a petty larcener. Society wondered how it had ever condescended to receive into its bosom the gambler, the duelist, the Don Juan. However, one compensation in the way of amusement he might still afford to society for the grave injuries he had done it. Society would attend his trial, witness his demeanor at the bar, and watch the expression of his face when he was sentenced to the galleys. But, monsieur, this wretch completed the measure of his iniquities. He was not tried at all. The Duc and Duchesse quitted Paris for Spain, and the Duc instructed his lawyer to withdraw his charge, stating his conviction of the Vicomte's complete innocence of any other offense than that which he himself had confessed."

"What did the Vicomte confess? you omitted to state that."

"The Vicomte, when apprehended, confessed that, smitten by an insane passion for the Duchesse, which she had, on his presuming to declare it, met with indignant scorn, he had taken advantage of his lodgment in the same house to admit himself into the cabinet adjoining her dressing-room by means of a key which he had procured made from an impression of the key-hole taken in wax.

"No evidence in support of any other charge against the Vicomte was forth-coming—nothing, in short, beyond the *infraction du domicile* caused by the madness of youthful love, and for which there was no prosecution. The law, therefore, could have little to say against him. But society was more rigid, and, exceedingly angry to find that a man who had been so conspicuous for luxury should prove to be a pauper, insisted on believing that M. de Mauléon was guilty of the meaner, though not perhaps, in the eyes of husbands and fathers, the more heinous of the two offenses. I presume that the Vicomte felt that he had got into a dilemma from which no pistol-shot or sword-thrust could free him, for he left Paris abruptly, and has not since reappeared. The sale of his stud and effects sufficed, I believe, to pay his debts, for I will do him the justice to say that they were paid."

"But though the Vicomte de Mauléon has disappeared, he must have left relations at Paris, who would perhaps know what has become of him and of his niece."

"I doubt it. He had no very near relations. The nearest was an old *célibataire* of the same name, from whom he had some expectations, but who died shortly after this *esclandre*, and did not name the Vicomte in his will. M. Victor had numerous connections among the highest families—the Rochebriants, Chavignys, Vandemars, Beauvilliers. But they are not likely to have retained any connection with a ruined *vaurien*, and still less with a niece of his who was the child of a drawing-master. But now you have given me a clew, I will try to follow it up. We must find the Vicomte, and I am not without hope of doing so. Pardon me if I decline to say more at present. I would not raise false expectations. But in a week or two I will have the honor to call again upon monsieur."

"Wait one instant. You have really a hope of discovering M. de Mauléon?"

"Yes. I can not say more at present."

M. Renard departed.

Still that hope, however faint it might prove, served to reanimate Graham; and with that hope his heart, as if a load had been lifted from its mainspring, returned instinctively to the thought of Isaura. Whatever seemed to promise an early discharge of the commission connected with the discovery of Louise Duval seemed to bring Isaura nearer to him, or at least to excuse his yearning desire to see more of her—to understand her better. Faded into thin air was the vague jealousy of Gustave Rameau which he had so unreasonably conceived; he felt as if it were impossible that the man whom the "Ondine of Paris" claimed as her lover could dare to woo or hope to win an Isaura. He even forgot the friendship with the eloquent denouncer of the marriage-bond, which a little while ago had seemed to him an unpardonable offense; he remembered only the lovely face, so innocent, yet so intelligent; only the sweet voice which had for the first time breathed music into his own soul; only the gentle hand whose touch had for the first time sent through his veins the thrill which distinguishes from all her sex the woman whom we love. He went forth elated and joyous, and took his way to Isaura's villa. As he went, the leaves on the trees under which he passed seemed stirred by the soft May breeze in sympathy with his own delight. Perhaps it was rather the reverse: his own silent delight sympathized with all delight in awakening nature. The lover seeking reconciliation with the loved one from whom some trifle has unreasonably estranged him, in a cloudless day of May—if he be not happy enough to feel a brotherhood in all things happy—a leaf in bloom, a bird in song—then, indeed, he may call himself lover, but he does not know what is love.

## BOOK FOURTH.

### CHAPTER I.

FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

"IT is many days since I wrote to you, and but for your delightful note just received, reproaching me for silence, I should still be under the spell of that awe which certain words of M. Savarin were well fitted to produce. Chancing to ask him if he had written to you lately, he said, with that laugh of his, good-humoredly ironical, 'No, mademoiselle, I am not one of the *Facheux* whom Molière has immortalized. If the meeting of lovers should be sacred from the intrusion of a third person, however amiable, more sacred still should be the parting between an author and his work. Madame de Grantmesnil is in that moment so solemn to a genius earnest as hers—she is bidding farewell to a companion with whom, once dismissed into the world, she can never converse familiarly again; it ceases to be her companion when it becomes ours. Do not let us disturb the last hours they will pass together.'

"These words struck me much. I suppose there is truth in them. I can comprehend that a work which has long been all in all to its author, concentrating his thoughts, gathering round it the hopes and fears of his inmost heart, dies, as it were, to him when he has completed its life for others, and launched it into a world estranged from the solitude in which it was born and formed. I can almost conceive that, to a writer like you, the very fame which attends the work thus sent forth chills your own love for it. The characters you created in a fairy-land, known but to yourself, must lose something of their mysterious charm when you hear them discussed and caviled at, blamed or praised, as if they were really the creatures of streets and *salons*.

"I wonder if hostile criticism pains or enrages you as it seems to do such other authors as I have known. M. Savarin, for instance, sets down in his tablets as an enemy to whom vengeance is due the smallest scribbler who wounds his self-love, and says, frankly, 'To me praise is food, dispraise is poison. Him who feeds me I pay; him who poisons me I break on the wheel.' M. Savarin is, indeed, a skillful and energetic administrator to his own reputation. He deals with it as if it were a kingdom—establishes fortifications for its defense—enlists soldiers to fight for it. He is the soul and centre of a confederation in which each is bound to defend the territory of the others, and all those territories united constitute the imperial realm of M. Savarin. Don't think me an ungracious satirist in what I am thus saying of our brilliant friend. It is not I who here speak; it is himself. He avows his policy with the *naïveté* which makes the charm of his style as writer. 'It is the greatest mistake,' he said to me yesterday, 'to talk of the Republic of Letters. Every author who wins a name is a sovereign in his own domain, be it large or small. Woe to any republican who wants to dethrone me!' Somehow or other, when M. Savarin thus talks I feel as if he were betraying the cause of genius. I can not bring myself to regard literature as a craft—to me it is a sacred mission; and in hearing this 'sovereign' boast of the tricks by which he maintains his state, I seem to listen to a priest who treats as imposture the religion he professes to teach. M. Savarin's favorite *élève* now is a young contributor to his journal, named Gustave Rameau. M. Savarin said the other day in my hearing, 'I and my set were *Young France*—Gustave Rameau and his set are *New Paris.*'

"'And what is the distinction between the one and the other?' asked my American friend, Mrs. Morley.

"'The set of "Young France,"' answered M. Savarin, 'had in it the hearty consciousness of youth: it was bold and vehement, with abundant vitality and animal spirits; whatever may be said against it in other respects, the power of thews and sinews must be conceded to its chief representatives. But the set of "New Paris" has very bad health, and very indifferent spirits. Still, in its way, it is very clever; it can sting and bite as keenly as if it were big and strong. Rameau is the most promising member of the set. He will be popular in his time, because he represents a good deal of the mind of his time—viz., the mind and the time of "New Paris."'

"Do you know any thing of this young Rameau's writings? You do not know himself, for he told me so, expressing a desire that was evidently very sincere, to find some occasion on which to render you his homage. He said this the first time I met him at M. Savarin's, and before he knew how dear to me are yourself and your fame. He came and sat by me after dinner, and won my interest at once by asking me if I had heard that you were busied on a new work; and then, without waiting for my answer, he launched forth into praises of you, which made a notable contrast to the scorn with which he spoke of all your contemporaries, except indeed M. Savarin, who, however, might not have been pleased to hear his favorite pupil style him 'a great writer in small things.' I spare you his epigrams on Dumas and Victor Hugo and my beloved Lamartine. Though his talk was showy, and dazzled me at first, I soon got rather tired of it—even the first time we met. Since then I have seen him very often, not only at M. Savarin's, but he calls here at least every other day, and we have become quite good friends. He gains on acquaintance so far, that one can not help feeling how much he is to be pitied. He is so envious! and the envious must be so unhappy. And then he is at once so near and so far from all the things that he envies. He longs for riches and luxury, and can only as yet earn a bare competence by his labors. Therefore he hates the rich and luxurious. His literary successes, instead of pleasing him, render him miserable by their contrast with the fame of the authors whom he envies and assails. He has a beautiful head, of which he is conscious, but it is joined to a body without strength or grace. He is conscious of this too: but it is cruel to go on with this sketch. You can see at once the kind of person who, whether he inspire affection or dislike, can not fail to create an interest—painful but compassionate.

"You will be pleased to hear that Dr. C—— considers my health so improved, that I may next year enter fairly on the profession for which I was intended and trained. Yet I still feel hesitating and doubtful. To give myself wholly up to the art in which I am told I could excel, must alienate me entirely from the ambition that yearns for fields in which, alas! it may perhaps never appropriate to itself a rood for culture—only wander, lost in a vague fairy-land, to which it has not the fairy's birthright. Oh, thou great Enchantress, to whom are equally subject the streets of Paris and the realm of Faerie—thou who hast sounded to the deeps that circumfluent ocean called 'practical human life,' and hast taught the acutest of its navigators to consider how far its courses are guided by orbs in heaven—canst thou solve this riddle which, if it perplexes me, must perplex so many? What is the real distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of human souls that feel to the quick all the grandest and divinest things which the rare genius places before them, sighing within themselves—'This rare genius does but express that which was previously familiar to us, so far as thought and sentiment extend.' Nay, the genius itself, however eloquent, never does, never can, express the whole of the thought or the sentiment it interprets: on the contrary, the greater the genius is, the more it leaves a something of incomplete satisfaction on our minds—it promises so much more than it performs—it implies so much more than it announces. I am impressed with the truth of what I thus say in proportion as I reperuse and restudy the greatest writers that have come within my narrow range of reading. And by the greatest writers I mean those who are not exclusively reasoners (of such I can not judge), nor mere poets (of whom, so far as concerns the union of words with music, I ought to be able to judge), but the few who unite reason and poetry, and appeal at once to the common-sense of the multitude and the imagination of the few. The highest type of this union to me is Shakspeare; and I can comprehend the justice of no criticism on him which does not allow this sense of incomplete satisfaction, augmenting in proportion as the poet soars to his highest. I ask again, In what consists this distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of minds that exclaim, 'He expresses what we feel, but never the whole of what we feel!' Is it the mere power over language, a larger knowledge of dictionaries, a finer ear for period and cadence, a more artistic craft in casing our thoughts and sentiments in well-selected words? Is it true what Buffon says, 'that the style is the man?' Is it true what I am told Goethe said, 'Poetry is form?' I can not believe this; and if you tell me it is true, then I no longer pine to be a writer. But if it be not true, explain to me how it is that the greatest genius is popular in proportion as it makes itself akin to us by uttering in better words than we employ that which was already within us, brings to light what in our souls was latent, and does but correct, beautify, and publish the correspondence which an ordinary reader carries on privately every day, between himself and his mind or his heart. If this superiority in the genius be but style and form, I abandon my dream of being something else than a singer of words by another to the music of another. But then, what then? My knowledge of books and art is wonderfully small. What little I do know I gather from very few books, and from what I hear said by the few worth listening to whom I happen to meet; and out of these, in solitude and reverie, not by conscious effort, I arrive at some results which appear to my inexperience original. Perhaps, indeed, they have the same kind of originality as the musical compositions of amateurs who effect a cantata or a quartette made up of borrowed details from great masters, and constituting a whole so original that no real master would deign to own it. Oh, if I could get you to understand how unsettled, how struggling, my whole nature at this moment is! I wonder what is the sensation of the chrysalis which has been a silk-worm, when it first feels the new wings stirring within its shell—wings, alas! that are but those of the humblest and shortest-lived sort of moth, scarcely born into daylight before it dies. Could it reason, it might regret its earlier life, and say, 'Better be the silk-worm than the moth.'"

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Have you known well any English people in the course of your life? I say well, for you must have had acquaintance with many. But it seems to me so difficult to know an Englishman well. Even I, who so loved and revered Mr. Selby—I, whose childhood was admitted into his companionship by that love which places ignorance and knowledge, infancy and age, upon ground so equal that heart touches heart—can not say that I understand the English character to any thing like the extent to which I fancy I understand the Italian and the French. Between us of the Continent and them of the island the British Channel always flows. There is an Englishman here to whom I have been introduced, whom I have met, though but seldom, in that society which bounds the Paris world to me. Pray, pray tell me, did you ever know, ever meet him? His name is Graham Vane. He is the only son, I am told, of a man who was a *célébrité* in England as an orator and statesman, and on both sides he belongs to the *haute aristocratie*. He himself has that indescribable air and mien to which we apply the epithet 'distinguished.' In the most crowded *salon* the eye would fix on him, and involuntarily follow his movements. Yet his manners are frank and simple, wholly without the stiffness or reserve which are said to characterize the English. There is an inborn dignity in his bearing which consists in the absence of all dignity assumed. But what strikes me most in this Englishman is an expression of countenance which the English depict by the word 'open'—that expression which inspires you with a belief in the existence of sincerity. Mrs. Morley said of him, in that poetic extravagance of phrase by which the Americans startle the English, 'That man's forehead would light up the Mammoth Cave.' Do you not know, Eulalie, what it is to us cultivators of art—art being the expression of truth through fiction—to come into the atmosphere of one of those souls in which Truth stands out bold and beautiful in itself, and needs no idealization through fiction? Oh, how near we should be to heaven, could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey! Mr. Vane professes not to understand music—not even to care for it, except rarely—and yet he spoke of its influence over others with an enthusiasm that half charmed me once more back to my destined calling—nay, might have charmed me wholly, but that he seemed to think that I—that any public singer—must be a creature apart from the world—the world in which such men live. Perhaps that is true."

## CHAPTER II.

IT was one of those lovely noons toward the end of May in which a rural suburb has the mellow charm of summer to him who escapes a while from the streets of a crowded capital. The Londoner knows its charm when he feels his tread on the softening swards of the Vale of Health, or, pausing at Richmond under the budding willow, gazes on the river glittering in the warmer sunlight, and hears from the villa gardens behind him the brief trill of the blackbird. But the suburbs round Paris are, I think, a yet more pleasing relief from the metropolis; they are more easily reached, and I know not why, but they seem more rural, perhaps because the contrast of their repose with the stir left behind—of their redundance of leaf and blossom, compared with the prim efflorescence of trees in the Boulevards and Tuileries—is more striking. However that may be, when Graham reached the pretty suburb in which Isaura dwelt, it seemed to him as if all the wheels of the loud busy life were suddenly smitten still. The hour was yet early; he felt sure that he should find Isaura at home. The garden gate stood unfastened and ajar; he pushed it aside and entered. I think I have before said that the garden of the villa was shut out from the road, and the gaze of neighbors, by a wall and thick belts of evergreens; it stretched behind the house somewhat far for the garden of a suburban villa. He paused when he had passed the gateway, for he heard in the distance the voice of one singing—singing low, singing plaintively. He knew it was the voice of Isaura; he passed on, leaving the house behind him, and tracking the voice till he reached the singer.

Isaura was seated within an arbor toward the farther end of the garden—an arbor which, a little later in the year, must indeed be delicate and dainty with lush exuberance of jasmine and woodbine; now into its iron trellis-work leaflet and flowers were insinuating their gentle way. Just at the entrance one white rose—a winter rose that had mysteriously survived its relations—opened its pale hues frankly to the noonday sun. Graham approached slowly, noiselessly, and the last note of the song had ceased when he stood at the entrance of the arbor. Isaura did not perceive him at first, for her face was bent downward musingly, as was often her wont after singing, especially when alone. But she felt that the place was darkened, that something stood between her and the sunshine. She raised her face, and a quick flush mantled over it as she uttered his name, not loudly, not as in surprise, but inwardly and whisperingly, as in a sort of fear.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," said Graham, entering; "but I heard your voice as I came into the garden, and it drew me onward involuntarily. What a lovely air! and what simple sweetness in such of the words as reached me! I am so ignorant of music that you must not laugh at me if I ask whose is the music and whose are the words? Probably both are so well known as to convict me of a barbarous ignorance."

"Oh no," said Isaura, with a still heightened color, and in accents embarrassed and hesitating. "Both the words and music are by an unknown and very humble composer, yet not, indeed, quite original; they have not even that merit—at least they were suggested by a popular song in the Neapolitan dialect which is said to be very old."

"I don't know if I caught the true meaning of the words, for they seemed to me to convey a more subtle and refined sentiment than is common in the popular songs of Southern Italy."

"The sentiment in the original is changed in the paraphrase, and not, I fear, improved by the change."

"Will you explain to me the sentiment in both, and let me judge which I prefer?"

"In the Neapolitan song a young fisherman, who has moored his boat under a rock on the shore, sees a beautiful face below the surface of the waters; he imagines it to be that of a Nereid, and casts in his net to catch this supposed nymph of the ocean. He only disturbs the water, loses the image, and brings up a few common fishes. He returns home disappointed, and very much enamored of the supposed Nereid. The next day he goes again to the same place, and discovers that the face which had so charmed him was that of a mortal girl reflected on the waters from the rock behind him, on which she had been seated, and on which she had her home. The original air is arch and lively; just listen to it." And Isaura warbled one of those artless and somewhat meagre tunes to which light-stringed instruments are the fitting accompaniment.

"That," said Graham, "is a different music indeed from the other, which is deep and plaintive, and goes to the heart."

"But do you not see how the words have been altered? In the song you first heard me singing, the fisherman goes again to the spot, again and again sees the face in the water, again and again seeks to capture the Nereid, and never knows to the last that the face was that of the mortal on the rock close behind him, and which he passed by without notice every day. Deluded by an ideal image, the real one escapes from his eye."

"Is the verse that is recast meant to symbolize a moral in love?"

"In love? nay, I know not; but in life, yes—at least the life of the artist."

"The paraphrase of the original is yours, Signorina—words and music both. Am I not right? Your silence answers, 'Yes.' Will you pardon me if I say that, though there can be no doubt of the new beauty you have given to the old song, I think that the moral of the old was the sounder one, the truer to human life. We do not go on to the last duped by an illusion. If enamored by the shadow on the waters, still we do look around us and discover the image it reflects."

Isaura shook her head gently, but made no answer. On the table before her there were a few myrtle sprigs and one or two buds from the last winter rose, which she had been arranging into a simple nosegay; she took up these, and abstractedly began to pluck and scatter the rose leaves.

"Despise the coming May-flowers if you will, they will soon be so plentiful," said Graham; "but do not cast away the few blossoms which winter has so kindly spared, and which even summer will not give again;" and, placing his hand on the winter buds, it touched hers—lightly, indeed, but she felt the touch, shrank from it, colored, and rose from her seat.

"The sun has left this side of the garden, the east wind is rising, and you must find it chilly here," she said, in an altered tone; "will you not come into the house?"

"It is not the air that I feel chilly," said Graham, with a half smile; "I almost fear that my prosaic admonitions have displeased you."

"They were not prosaic; and they were kind and very wise," she added, with her exquisite laugh—laugh so wonderfully sweet and musical. She now had gained the entrance of the arbor; Graham joined her, and they walked toward the house. He asked her if she had seen much of the Savarins since they had met.

"Once or twice we have been there of an evening."

"And encountered, no doubt, the illustrious young minstrel who despises Tasso and Corneille?"

"M. Rameau? Oh yes; he is constantly at the Savarins'. Do not be severe on him. He is unhappy—he is struggling—he is soured. An artist has thorns in his path which lookers-on do not heed."

"All people have thorns in their path, and I have no great respect for those who want lookers-on to heed them whenever they are scratched. But M. Rameau seems to me one of those writers very common nowadays, in France and even in England; writers who have never read any thing worth studying, and are, of course, presumptuous in proportion to their ignorance. I should not have thought an artist like yourself could have recognized an artist in a M. Rameau who despises Tasso without knowing Italian."

Graham spoke bitterly; he was once more jealous.

"Are you not an artist yourself? Are you not a writer? M. Savarin told me you were a distinguished man of letters."

"M. Savarin flatters me too much. I am not an artist, and I have a great dislike to that word as it is now hackneyed and vulgarized in England and in France. A cook calls himself an artist; a tailor does the same; a man writes a gaudy melodrame, a spasmodic song, a sensational novel, and straightway he calls himself an artist, and indulges in a pedantic jargon about 'essence' and 'form,' assuring us that a poet we can understand wants essence, and a poet we can scan wants form. Thank Heaven, I am not vain enough to call myself artist. I have written some very dry lucubrations in periodicals, chiefly political, or critical upon other subjects than art. But why, *à propos* of M. Rameau, did you ask me that question respecting myself?"

"Because much in your conversation," answered Isaura, in rather a mournful tone, "made me suppose you had more sympathies with art and its cultivators than you cared to avow. And if you had such sympathies, you would comprehend what a relief it is to a poor aspirant to art like myself to come into communication with those who devote themselves to any art distinct from the common pursuits of the world; what a relief it is to escape from the ordinary talk of society. There is a sort of instinctive freemasonry among us, including masters and disciples, and one art has a fellowship with other arts; mine is but song and music, yet I feel attracted toward a sculptor, a painter, a romance-writer, a poet, as much as toward a singer, a musician. Do you understand why I can not contemn M. Rameau as you do? I differ from his tastes in literature; I do not much admire such of his writings as I have read; I grant that he overestimates his own genius, whatever that be—yet I like to converse with him: he is a struggler upward, though with weak wings, or with erring footsteps, like myself."

"Mademoiselle," said Graham, earnestly, "I can not say how I thank you for this candor. Do not condemn me for abusing it—if—" He paused.

"If what?"

"If I, so much older than yourself—I do not say only in years, but in the experience of life—I, whose lot is cast among those busy and 'positive' pursuits, which necessarily quicken that unromantic faculty called common sense—if, I say, the deep interest with which you must inspire all whom you admit into an acquaintance, even as unfamiliar as that now between us, makes me utter one caution, such as might be uttered by a friend or brother. Beware of those artistic sympathies which you so touchingly confess; beware how, in the great events of life, you allow fancy to misguide your reason. In choosing friends on whom to rely, separate the artist from the human being. Judge of the human being for what it is in itself. Do not worship the face on the waters, blind to the image on the rock. In one word, never see in an artist like a M. Rameau the human being to whom you could intrust the destinies of your life. Pardon me, pardon me; we may meet little hereafter, but you are a creature so utterly new to me, so wholly unlike any woman I have ever before encountered and admired, and to me seem endowed with such wealth of mind and soul, exposed to such hazard, that—that—" Again he paused, and his voice trembled as he concluded—"that it would be a deep sorrow to me if, perhaps years hence, I should have to say, 'Alas! by what mistake has that wealth been wasted!'"

While they had thus conversed, mechanically they had turned away from the house, and were again standing before the arbor.

Graham, absorbed in the passion of his adjuration, had not till now looked into the face of the companion by his side. Now, when he had concluded, and heard no reply, he bent down and saw that Isaura was weeping silently.

His heart smote him.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, drawing her hand into his; "I have had no right to talk thus; but it was not from want of respect; it was—it was—"

The hand which was yielded to his pressed it gently, timidly, chastely.

"Forgive!" murmured Isaura; "do you think that I, an orphan, have never longed for a friend who would speak to me thus?" And so saying, she lifted her eyes, streaming still, to his bended countenance—eyes, despite their tears, so clear in their innocent limpid beauty, so ingenuous, so frank, so virgin-like, so unlike the eyes of "any other woman he had encountered and admired."

"Alas!" he said, in quick and hurried accents, "you may remember, when we have before conversed, how I, though so uncultured in your art, still recognized its beautiful influence upon human breasts; how I sought to combat your own depreciation of its rank among the elevating agencies of humanity; how, too, I said that no man could venture to ask you to renounce the boards, the lamps—resign the fame of actress, of singer. Well, now that you accord to me the title of friend, now that you so touchingly remind me that you are an orphan—thinking of all the perils the young and the beautiful of your sex must encounter when they abandon private life for public—I think that a true friend might put the question, 'Can you resign the fame of actress, of singer?'"

"I will answer you frankly. The profession which once seemed to me so alluring began to lose its charms in my eyes some months ago. It was your words, very eloquently expressed, on the ennobling effects of music and song upon a popular audience, that counteracted the growing distaste to rendering up my whole life to the vocation of the stage. But now I think I should feel grateful to the friend whose advice interpreted the voice of my own heart, and bade me relinquish the career of actress."

Graham's face grew radiant. But whatever might have been his reply, it was arrested; voices and footsteps were heard behind. He turned round and saw the Venosta, the Savarins, and Gustave Rameau.

Isaura heard and saw also, started in a sort of alarmed confusion, and then instinctively retreated toward the arbor.

Graham hurried on to meet the signora and the visitors, giving time to Isaura to compose herself by arresting them in the pathway with conventional salutations.

A few minutes later Isaura joined them, and there was talk to which Graham scarcely listened, though he shared in it by abstracted monosyllables. He declined going into the house, and took leave at the gate. In parting, his eyes fixed themselves on Isaura. Gustave Rameau was by her side. That nosegay which had been left in the arbor was in her hand; and though she was bending over it, she did not now pluck and scatter the rose leaves. Graham at that moment felt no jealousy of the fair-faced young poet beside her.

As he walked slowly back, he muttered to himself, "But am I yet in the position to hold myself wholly free? Am I, am I? Were the sole choice before me that between her and ambition and wealth, how soon it would be made! Ambition has no prize equal to the heart of such a woman; wealth no sources of joy equal to the treasures of her love."

## CHAPTER III.

### FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

"THE day after I posted my last, Mr. Vane called on us. I was in our little garden at the time. Our conversation was brief, and soon interrupted by visitors—the Savarins and M. Rameau. I long for your answer. I wonder how he impressed you, if you have met him; how he would impress, if you met him now. To me he is so different from all others; and I scarcely know why his words ring in my ears, and his image rests in my thoughts. It is strange altogether; for though he is young, he speaks to me as if he were so much older than I—so kindly, so tenderly, yet as if I were a child, and much as the dear *Maestro* might do if he thought I needed caution or counsel. Do not fancy, Eulalie, that there is any danger of my deceiving myself as to the nature of such interest as he may take in me. Oh no! There is a gulf between us there which he does not lose sight of, and which we could not pass. How, indeed, I could interest him at all I can not guess. A rich, high-born Englishman, intent on political life; practical, prosaic—no, not prosaic; but still with the kind of sense which does not admit into its range of vision that world of dreams which is familiar as their daily home to Romance and to Art. It has always seemed to me that for love, love such as I conceive it, there must be a deep and constant sympathy between two persons—not, indeed, in the usual and ordinary trifles of taste and sentiment, but in those essentials which form the root of character, and branch out in all the leaves and blooms that expand to the sunshine and shrink from the cold—that the worldling should wed the worldling, the artist the artist. Can the realist and the idealist blend together, and hold together till death and beyond death? If not, can there be true love between them? By true love, I mean the love which interpenetrates the soul, and once given, can never die. Oh, Eulalie—answer me—answer!

"P.S.—I have now fully made up my mind to renounce all thought of the stage."

### FROM MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL TO ISAURA CICOGNA.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—How your mind has grown since you left me, the sanguine and aspiring votary of an art which, of all arts, brings the most immediate reward to a successful cultivator, and is in itself so divine in its immediate effects upon human souls! Who shall say what may be the after-results of those effects which the waiters on posterity presume to despise because they *are* immediate? A dull man, to whose mind a ray of that vague starlight undetected in the atmosphere of work-day life has never yet traveled; to whom the philosopher, the preacher, the poet appeal in vain—nay, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible; to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven; to whom Rossini has no mysteries on earth unsolved by the critics of the pit—suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls which inclosed him fall. The something far from and beyond the routine of his commonplace existence becomes known to him. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He can not put it down on paper, and say the next morning, 'I am an inch nearer to heaven than I was last night;' but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and, in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth. You singers do not seem to me to understand that you have—to use your own word, so much in vogue that it has become abused and trite—*a mission!* When you talk of missions, from whom comes the mission? Not from men. If there be a mission from man to men, it must be appointed from on high.

"Think of all this; and in being faithful to your art, true to yourself. If you feel divided between that art and the art of the writer, and acknowledge the first to be too exacting to admit a rival, keep to that in which you are sure to excel. Alas, my fair child! do not imagine that we writers feel a happiness in our pursuits and aims more complete than that which you can command. If we care for fame (and, to be frank, we all do), that fame does not come before us face to face—a real, visible, palpable form, as it does to the singer, to the actress. I grant that it may be more enduring, but an endurance on the length of which we dare not reckon. A writer can not be sure of immortality till his language itself be dead; and then he has but a share in an uncertain lottery. Nothing but fragments remains of the Phrynichus, who rivaled Æschylus; of the Agathon, who perhaps excelled Euripides; of the Alcæus, in whom Horace acknowledged a master and a model; their renown is not in their works, it is but in their names. And, after all, the names of singers and actors last, perhaps, as long. Greece retains the name of Polus, Rome of Roscius, England of Garrick, France of Talma, Italy of Pasta, more lastingly than posterity is likely to retain mine. You address to me a question, which I have often put to myself—'What is the distinction between the writer and the reader, when the reader says, "These are *my* thoughts, these are *my* feelings; the writer has stolen them, and clothed them in his own words?"' And the more the reader says this, the more wide is the audience, the more genuine the renown, and, paradox though it seems, the more consummate the originality of the writer. But no, it is not the mere gift of expression, it is not the mere craft of the pen, it is not the mere taste in arrangement of word and cadence, which thus enables the one to interpret the mind, the heart, the soul of the many. It is a power breathed into him as he lay in his cradle, and a power that gathered around itself, as he grew up, all the influences he acquired, whether from observation of external nature, or from study of men and books, or from that experience of daily life which varies with every human being. No education could make two intellects exactly alike, as no culture can make two leaves exactly alike. How truly you describe the sense of dissatisfaction which every writer of superior genius communicates to his admirers! how truly do you feel that the greater is the dissatisfaction in proportion to the writer's genius, and the admirer's conception of it! But that is the mystery which makes—let me borrow a German phrase—the *cloud-land* between the finite and the infinite. The greatest philosopher, intent on the secrets of Nature, feels that dissatisfaction in Nature herself. The finite can not reduce into logic and criticism the infinite.

"Let us dismiss these matters, which perplex the reason, and approach that which touches the heart—which in your case, my child, touches the heart of woman. You speak of love, and deem that the love which lasts—the household, the conjugal love—should be based upon such sympathies of pursuit that the artist should wed with the artist.

"This is one of the questions you do well to address to me; for whether from my own experience, or from that which I have gained from observation extended over a wide range of life, and quickened and intensified by the class of writing that I cultivate, and which necessitates a calm study of the passions, I am an authority on such subjects, better than most women can be. And alas! my child, I come to this result: there is no prescribing to men or to women whom to select, whom to refuse. I can not refute the axiom of the ancient poet, 'In love there is no wherefore.' But there is a time—it is often but a moment of time—in which love is not yet a master, in which we can say, 'I *will* love—I will *not* love.'

"Now, if I could find you in such a moment, I would say to you, 'Artist, do not love—do not marry—an artist.' Two artistic natures rarely combine. The artistic nature is wonderfully exacting. I fear it is supremely egotistical—so jealously sensitive that it writhes at the touch of a rival. Racine was the happiest of husbands; his wife adored his genius, but could not understand his plays. Would Racine have been happy if he had married a Corneille in petticoats? I who speak have loved an artist, certainly equal to myself. I am sure that he loved me. That sympathy in pursuits of which you speak drew us together, and became very soon the cause of antipathy. To both of us the endeavor to coalesce was misery.

"I don't know your M. Rameau. Savarin has sent me some of his writings; from these I judge that his only chance of happiness would be to marry a commonplace woman, with *séparation de biens*. He is, believe me, but one of the many with whom New Paris abounds, who, because they have the infirmities of genius, imagine they have its strength.

"I come next to the Englishman. I see how serious is your questioning about him. You not only regard him as a being distinct from the crowd of a *salon;* he stands equally apart in the chamber of your thoughts—you do not mention him in the same letter as that which treats of Rameau and Savarin. He has become already an image not to be lightly mixed up with others. You would rather not have mentioned him at all to me, but you could not resist it. The interest you feel in him so perplexed you, that in a kind of feverish impatience you cry out to me, 'Can you solve the riddle? Did you ever know well Englishmen? Can an Englishman be understood out of his island?' etc., etc. Yes, I have known well many Englishmen. In affairs of the heart they are much like all other men. No; I do not know this Englishman in particular, nor any one of his name.

"Well, my child, let us frankly grant that this foreigner has gained some hold on your thoughts, on your fancy, perhaps also on your heart. Do not fear that he will love you less enduringly, or that you will become alienated from him, because he is not an artist. If he be a strong nature, and with some great purpose in life, your ambition will fuse itself in his; and knowing you as I do, I believe you would make an excellent wife to an Englishman whom you honored as well as loved; and sorry though I should be that you relinquished the singer's fame, I should be consoled in thinking you safe in the woman's best sphere—a contented home, safe from calumny, safe from gossip. I never had that home; and there has been no part in my author's life in which I would not have given all the celebrity it won for the obscure commonplace of such woman lot. Could I move human beings as pawns on a chess-board, I should indeed say that the most suitable and congenial mate for you, for a woman of sentiment and genius, would be a well-born and well-educated German; for such a German unites, with domestic habits and a strong sense of family ties, a romance of sentiment, a love of art, a predisposition toward the poetic side of life, which is very rare among Englishmen of the same class. But as the German is not forth-coming, I give my vote for the Englishman, provided only you love him. Ah, child, be sure of that. Do not mistake fancy for love. All women do not require love in marriage, but without it that which is best and highest in *you* would wither and die. Write to me often and tell me all. M. Savarin is right. My book is no longer my companion. It is gone from me, and I am once more alone in the world. —Yours affectionately.

"P.S.—Is not your postscript a woman's? Does it not require a woman's postscript in reply? You say in yours that you have fully made up your mind to renounce all thoughts of the stage. I ask in mine, 'What has the Englishman to do with that determination?'"

## CHAPTER IV.

SOME weeks have passed since Graham's talk with Isaura in the garden; he has not visited the villa since. His cousins the D'Altons have passed through Paris on their way to Italy, meaning to stay a few days; they staid nearly a month, and monopolized much of Graham's companionship. Both these were reasons why, in the habitual society of the Duke, Graham's persuasion that he was not yet free to court the hand of Isaura became strengthened, and with that persuasion necessarily came a question equally addressed to his conscience: "If not yet free to court her hand, am I free to expose myself to the temptation of seeking to win her affection?" But when his cousin was gone, his heart began to assert its own rights, to argue its own case, and suggest modes of reconciling its dictates to the obligations which seemed to oppose them. In this hesitating state of mind he received the following note:

"VILLA ——, LAC D'ENGHIEN.

"MY DEAR MR. VANE,—We have retreated from Paris to the banks of this beautiful little lake. Come and help to save Frank and myself from quarreling with each other, which, until the Rights of Women are firmly established, married folks always will do when left to themselves, especially if they are still lovers, as Frank and I are. Love is a terribly quarrelsome thing. Make us a present of a few days out of your wealth of time. We will visit Montmorency and the haunts of Rosseau—sail on the lake at moonlight—dine at gypsy restaurants under trees not yet embrowned by summer heats—discuss literature and politics—'Shakspeare and the musical glasses'—and be as sociable and pleasant as Boccaccio's tale-tellers at Fiesole. We shall be but a small party, only the Savarius, that unconscious sage and humorist Signora Venosta, and that dimple-cheeked Isaura, who embodies the song of nightingales and the smile of summer. Refuse, and Frank shall not have an easy moment till he sends in his claims for thirty millions against the *Alabama.*—Yours, as you behave,

"LIZZIE MORLEY."

Graham did not refuse. He went to Enghien for four days and a quarter. He was under the same roof as Isaura. Oh, those happy days!—so happy that they defy description. But though to Graham the happiest days he had ever known, they were happier still to Isaura. There were drawbacks to his happiness, none to hers—drawbacks partly from reasons the weight of which the reader will estimate later; partly from reasons the reader may at once comprehend and assess. In the sunshine of her joy, all the vivid colorings of Isaura's artistic temperament came forth, so that what I may call the homely, domestic woman side of her nature faded into shadow. If, my dear reader, whether you be man or woman, you have come into familiar contact with some creature of a genius to which, even assuming that you yourself have a genius in its own way, you have no special affinities—have you not felt shy with that creature? Have you not, perhaps, felt how intensely you could love that creature, and doubted if that creature could possibly love you? Now I think that shyness and that disbelief are common with either man or woman, if, however conscious of superiority in the prose of life, he or she recognizes inferiority in the poetry of it. And yet this self-abasement is exceedingly mistaken. The poetical kind of genius is so grandly indulgent, so inherently deferential, bows with such unaffected modesty to the superiority in which it fears it may fail (yet seldom does fail)—the superiority of common-sense. And when we come to women, what marvelous truth is conveyed by the woman who has had no superior in intellectual gifts among her own sex! Corinne, crowned at the Capitol, selects out of the whole world, as the hero of her love, no rival poet and enthusiast, but a cold-blooded, sensible Englishman.

Graham Vane, in his strong masculine form of intellect—Graham Vane, from whom I hope much, if he live to fulfill his rightful career—had, not unreasonably, the desire to dominate the life of the woman whom he selected as the partner of his own. But the life of Isaura seemed to escape him. If at moments, listening to her, he would say to himself, "What a companion!—life could never be dull with her"—at other moments he would say, "True, never dull, but would it be always safe?" And then comes in that mysterious power of love which crushes all beneath its feet, and makes us end self-commune by that abject submission of reason, which only murmurs, "Better be unhappy with the one you love, than happy with one whom you do not." All such self-communes were unknown to Isaura. She lived in the bliss of the hour. If Graham could have read her heart, he would have dismissed all doubt whether he could dominate her life. Could a Fate or an angel have said to her, "Choose—on one side I promise you the glories of a Catalini, a Pasta, a Sappho, a De Staël, a George Sand—all combined into one immortal name; or, on the other side, the whole heart of the man who would estrange himself from you if you had such combination of glories"—her answer would have brought Graham Vane to her feet; all scruples, all doubts would have vanished; he would have exclaimed, with the generosity inherent in the higher order of man, "Be glorious, if your nature wills it so. Glory enough to me that you would have resigned glory itself to become mine." But how is it that men worth a woman's loving become so diffident when they love intensely? Even in ordinary cases of love there is so ineffable a delicacy in virgin woman, that a man, be he how refined soever, feels himself rough and rude and coarse in comparison. And while that sort of delicacy was pre-eminent in this Italian orphan, there came, to increase the humility of the man so proud and so confident in himself when he had only men to deal with, the consciousness that his intellectual nature was hard and positive beside the angel-like purity and the fairy-like play of hers.

There was a strong wish on the part of Mrs. Morley to bring about the union of these two. She had a great regard and a great admiration for both. To her mind, unconscious of all Graham's doubts and prejudices, they were exactly suited to each other. A man of intellect so cultivated as Graham's, if married to a commonplace English "Miss," would surely feel as if life had no sunshine and no flowers. The love of an Isaura would steep it in sunshine, pave it with flowers. Mrs. Morley admitted—all American Republicans of gentle birth do admit—the instincts which lead "like" to match with "like" an equality of blood and race. With all her assertion of the Rights of Woman, I do not think that Mrs. Morley would ever have conceived the possibility of consenting that the richest, and prettiest, and cleverest girl in the States could become the wife of a son of hers if the girl had the taint of negro blood, even though shown nowhere save the slight distinguishing hue of her finger-nails. So, had Isaura's merits been threefold what they were, and she had been the wealthy heiress of a retail grocer, this fair Republican would have opposed (more strongly than many an English duchess, or at least a Scotch duke, would do, the wish of a son) the thought of an alliance between Graham Vane and the grocer's daughter! But Isaura was a Cicogna—an offspring of a very ancient and very noble house. Disparities of fortune, or mere worldly position, Mrs. Morely supremely despised. Here were the great parities of alliance—parities in years and good looks and mental culture. So, in short, she, in the invitation given to them, had planned for the union between Isaura and Graham.

To this plan she had an antagonist, whom she did not even guess, in Madame Savarin. That lady, as much attached to Isaura as was Mrs. Morley herself, and still more desirous of seeing a girl, brilliant and parentless, transferred from the companionship of Signora Venosta to the protection of a husband, entertained no belief in the serious attentions of Graham Vane. Perhaps she exaggerated his worldly advantages—perhaps she undervalued the warmth of his affections; but it was not within the range of her experience, confined much to Parisian life, nor in harmony with her notions of the frigidity and *morgue* of the English national character, that a rich and high-born young man, to whom a great career in practical public life was predicted, should form a matrimonial alliance with a foreign orphan girl who, if of gentle birth, had no useful connections, would bring no correspondent *dot*, and had been reared and intended for the profession of the stage. She much more feared that the result of any attentions on the part of such a man would be rather calculated to compromise the orphan's name, or at least to mislead her expectations, than to secure her the shelter of a wedded home. Moreover, she had cherished plans of her own for Isaura's future. Madame Savarin had conceived for Gustave Rameau a friendly regard, stronger than that which Mrs. Morley entertained for Graham Vane, for it was more motherly. Gustave had been familiarized to her sight and her thoughts since he had first been launched into the literary world under her husband's auspices; he had confided to her his mortification in his failures, his joy in his successes. His beautiful countenance, his delicate health, his very infirmities and defects, had endeared him to her womanly heart. Isaura was the wife of all others who, in Madame Savarin's opinion, was made for Rameau. Her fortune, so trivial beside the wealth of the Englishman, would be a competence to Rameau; then that competence might swell into vast riches if Isaura succeeded on the stage. She found with extreme displeasure that Isaura's mind had become estranged from the profession to which she had been destined, and divined that a deference to the Englishman's prejudices had something to do with that estrangement. It was not to be expected that a Frenchwoman, wife to a sprightly man of letters, who had intimate friends and allies in every department of the artistic world, should cherish any prejudice whatever against the exercise of an art in which success achieved riches and renown. But she was prejudiced, as most Frenchwomen are, against allowing to unmarried girls the same freedom and independence of action that are the rights of women—French women—when married. And she would have disapproved the entrance of Isaura on her professional career until she could enter it as a wife—the wife of an artist—the wife of Gustave Rameau.

Unaware of the rivalry between these friendly diplomatists and schemers, Graham and Isaura glided hourly more and more down the current, which as yet ran smooth. No words by which love is spoken were exchanged between them; in fact, though constantly together, they were very rarely, and then but for moments, alone with each other. Mrs. Morley artfully schemed more than once to give them such opportunities for that mutual explanation of heart which, she saw, had not yet taken place; with art more practiced and more watchful, Madame Savarin contrived to baffle her hostess's intention. But, indeed, neither Graham nor Isaura sought to make opportunities for themselves. He, as we know, did not deem himself wholly justified in uttering the words of love by which a man of honor binds himself for life; and she!—what girl, pure-hearted and loving truly, does not shrink from seeking the opportunities which it is for the man to court? Yet Isaura needed no words to tell her that she was loved—no, nor even a pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye; she felt it instinctively, mysteriously, by the glow of her own being in the presence of her lover. She knew that she herself could not so love unless she were beloved.

Here woman's wit is keener and truthfuler than man's. Graham, as I have said, did not feel confident that he had reached the heart of Isaura: he was conscious that he had engaged her interests, that he had attracted her fancy; but often, when charmed by the joyous play of her imagination, he would sigh to himself, "To natures so gifted what single mortal can be the all in all?"

They spent the summer mornings in excursions round the beautiful neighborhood, dined early, and sailed on the calm lake at moonlight. Their talk was such as might be expected from lovers of books in summer holidays. Savarin was a critic by profession; Graham Vane, if not that, at least owed such literary reputation as he had yet gained to essays in which the rare critical faculty was conspicuously developed.

It was pleasant to hear the clash of these two minds encountering each other; they differed perhaps less in opinions than in the mode by which opinions are discussed. The Englishman's range of reading was wider than the Frenchman's, and his scholarship more accurate; but the Frenchman had a compact neatness of expression, a light and nimble grace, whether in the advancing or the retreat of his argument, which covered deficiencies, and often made them appear like merits. Graham was compelled, indeed, to relinquish many of the forces of superior knowledge or graver eloquence which, with less lively antagonists, he could have brought into the field, for the witty sarcasm of Savarin would have turned them aside as pedantry or declamation. But though Graham was neither dry nor diffuse, and the happiness at his heart brought out the gayety of humor which had been his early characteristic, and yet rendered his familiar intercourse genial and playful—still there was this distinction between his humor and Savarin's wit, that in the first there was always something earnest, in the last always something mocking. And in criticism Graham seemed ever anxious to bring out a latent beauty, even in writers comparatively neglected. Savarin was acutest when dragging forth a blemish never before discovered in writers universally read.

Graham did not perhaps notice the profound attention with which Isaura listened to him in these intellectual skirmishes with the more glittering Parisian. There was this distinction she made between him and Savarin: when the last spoke she often chimed in with some happy sentiment of her own; but she never interrupted Graham—never intimated a dissent from his theories of art, or the deductions he drew from them; and she would remain silent and thoughtful for some minutes when his voice ceased. There was passing from his mind into hers an ambition which she imagined, poor girl, that he would be pleased to think he had inspired, and which might become a new bond of sympathy between them. But as yet the ambition was vague and timid—an idea or a dream to be fulfilled in some indefinite future.

The last night of this short-lived holiday-time the party, after staying out on the lake to a later hour than usual, stood lingering still on the lawn of the villa; and their host, who was rather addicted to superficial studies of the positive sciences, including, of course, the most popular of all, astronomy, kept his guests politely listening to speculative conjectures on the probable size of the inhabitants of Sirius—that very distant and very gigantic inhabitant of heaven who has led philosophers into mortifying reflections upon the utter insignificance of our own poor little planet, capable of producing nothing greater than Shakspeares and Newtons, Aristotles and Cæsars—manikins, no doubt, beside intellects proportioned to the size of the world in which they flourish.

As it chanced, Isaura and Graham were then standing close to each other and a little apart from the rest. "It is very strange," said Graham, laughing low, "how little I care about Sirius. He is the sun of some other system, and is perhaps not habitable at all, except by Salamanders. He can not be one of the stars with which I have established familiar acquaintance, associated with fancies and dreams and hopes, as most of us do, for instance, with Hesperus, the moon's harbinger and comrade. But amidst all those stars there is one—not Hesperus—which has always had, from my childhood, a mysterious fascination for me. Knowing as little of astrology as I do of astronomy, when I gaze upon that star I become credulously superstitious, and fancy it has an influence on my life. Have you, too, any favorite star?"

"Yes," said Isaura; "and I distinguish it now, but I do not even know its name, and never would ask it."

"So like me. I would not vulgarize my unknown source of beautiful illusions by giving it the name it takes in technical catalogues. For fear of learning that name I never have pointed it out to any one before. I too at this moment distinguish it apart from all its brotherhood. Tell me which is yours."

Isaura pointed and explained. The Englishman was startled. By what strange coincidence could they both have singled out from all the host of heaven the same favorite star?

"*Cher* Vane," cried Savarin, "Colonel Morley declares that what America is to the terrestrial system Sirius is to the heavenly. America is to extinguish Europe, and then Sirius is to extinguish the world."

"Not for some millions of years; time to look about us," said the Colonel, gravely. "But I certainly differ from those who maintain that Sirius recedes from us. I say that he approaches. The principles of a body so enlightened must be those of progress." Then, addressing Graham in English, he added, "There will be a mulling in this fogified planet some day, I predicate. Sirius is a *keener!*"

"I have not imagination lively enough to interest myself in the destinies of Sirius in connection with our planet at a date so remote," said Graham, smiling. Then he added in a whisper to Isaura, "My imagination does not carry me further than to wonder whether this day twelvemonth—the 8th of July—we two shall both be singling out that same star, and gazing on it as now, side by side."

This was the sole utterance of that sentiment in which the romance of love is so rich that the Englishman addressed to Isaura during those memorable summer days at Enghien.

## CHAPTER V.

THE next morning the party broke up. Letters had been delivered both to Savarin and to Graham which, even had the day for departure not been fixed, would have summoned them away. On reading his letter, Savarin's brow became clouded. He made a sign to his wife after breakfast, and wandered away with her down an alley in the little garden. His trouble was of that nature which a wife either soothes or aggravates, according sometimes to her habitual frame of mind, sometimes to the mood of temper in which she may chance to be—a household trouble, a pecuniary trouble.

Savarin was by no means an extravagant man. His mode of living, though elegant and hospitable, was modest compared to that of many French authors inferior to himself in the fame which at Paris brings a very good return in francs. But his station itself as the head of a powerful literary clique necessitated many expenses which were too congenial to his extreme good-nature to be regulated by strict prudence. His hand was always open to distressed writers and struggling artists, and his sole income was derived from his pen and a journal in which he was chief editor and formerly sole proprietor. But that journal had of late not prospered. He had sold or pledged a considerable share in the proprietorship. He had been compelled also to borrow a sum large for him, and the debt, obtained from a retired *bourgeois* who lent out his moneys "by way," he said, "of maintaining an excitement and interest in life," would in a few days become due. The letter was not from that creditor, but it was from his publisher, containing a very disagreeable statement of accounts, pressing for settlement, and declining an offer of Savarin's for a new book (not yet begun) except upon terms that the author valued himself too highly to accept. Altogether, the situation was unpleasant. There were many times in which Madame Savarin presumed to scold her distinguished husband for his want of prudence and thrift. But those were never the times when scolding could be of no use. It could clearly be of no use now. Now was the moment to cheer and encourage him, to reassure him as to his own undiminished powers and popularity, for he talked dejectedly of himself as obsolete and passing out of fashion; to convince him also of the impossibility that the ungrateful publisher whom Savarin's more brilliant successes had enriched could encounter the odium of hostile proceedings; and to remind him of all the authors, all the artists, whom he, in their earlier difficulties, had so liberally assisted, and from whom a sum sufficing to pay off the *bourgeois* creditor when the day arrived could now be honorably asked and would be readily contributed. In this last suggestion the homely prudent good sense of Madame Savarin failed her. She did not comprehend that delicate pride of honor which, with all his Parisian frivolities and cynicism, dignified the Parisian man of genius. Savarin could not, to save his neck from a rope, have sent round the begging-hat to friends whom he had obliged. Madame Savarin was one of those women with large-lobed ears, who can be wonderfully affectionate, wonderfully sensible; admirable wives and mothers, and yet are deficient in artistic sympathies with artistic natures. Still, a really good honest wife is such an incalculable blessing to her lord, that, at the end of the talk in the solitary *allée*, this man of exquisite *finesse*, of the indefinable high-bred temperament, and, alas! the painfully morbid susceptibility, which belong to the genuine artistic character, emerged into the open sunlit lawn with his crest uplifted, his lip curved upward in its joyous mockery, and perfectly persuaded that somehow or other he should put down the offensive publisher, and pay off the offending creditor when the day for payment came. Still he had judgment enough to know that to do this he must get back to Paris, and could not dawdle away precious hours in discussing the principles of poetry with Graham Vane.

There was only one thing, apart from "the begging-hat," in which Savarin dissented from his wife. She suggested his starting a new journal in conjunction with Gustave Rameau, upon whose genius and the expectations to be formed from it (here she was tacitly thinking of Isaura wedded to Rameau, and more than a Malibran on the stage) she insisted vehemently. Savarin did not thus estimate Gustave Rameau—thought him a clever, promising young writer in a very bad school of writing, who might do well some day or other. But that a Rameau could help a Savarin to make a fortune! No; at that idea he opened his eyes, patted his wife's shoulder, and called her "*enfant.*"

Graham's letter was from M. Renard, and ran thus:

"MONSIEUR,—I had the honor to call at your apartment this morning, and I write this line to the address given to me by your *concierge* to say that I have been fortunate enough to ascertain that the relation of the missing lady is now at Paris. I shall hold myself in readiness to attend your summons.—Deign to accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my profound consideration.

"J. RENARD."

This communication sufficed to put Graham into very high spirits. Any thing that promised success to his research seemed to deliver his thoughts from a burden and his will from a fetter. Perhaps in a few days he might frankly and honorably say to Isaura words which would justify his retaining longer, and pressing more ardently, the delicate hand which trembled in his as they took leave.

On arriving at Paris, Graham dispatched a note to M. Renard requesting to see him, and received a brief line in reply that M. Renard feared he should be detained on other and important business till the evening, but hoped to call at eight o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he entered Graham's apartment.

"You have discovered the uncle of Louise Duval!" exclaimed Graham; "of course you mean M. de Mauléon, and he is at Paris?"

"True so far, monsieur; but do not be too sanguine as to the results of the information I can give you. Permit me, as briefly as possible, to state the circumstances. When you acquainted me with the fact that M. de Mauléon was the uncle of Louise Duval, I told you that I was not without hopes of finding him out, though so long absent from Paris. I will now explain why. Some months ago one of my colleagues engaged in the political department (which I am not) was sent to Lyons, in consequence of some suspicions conceived by the loyal authorities there of a plot against the Emperor's life. The suspicions were groundless, the plot a mare's-nest. But my colleague's attention was especially drawn toward a man, not mixed up with the circumstances from which a plot had been inferred, but deemed in some way or other a dangerous enemy to the government. Ostensibly, he exercised a modest and small calling as a sort of *courtier* or *agent de change;* but it was noticed that certain persons familiarly frequenting his apartment, or to whose houses he used to go at night, were disaffected to the government—not by any means of the lowest rank—some of them rich malcontents who had been devoted Orleanists; others, disappointed aspirants to office or the 'cross;' one or two well-born and opulent fanatics dreaming of another republic. Certain very able articles in the journals of the excitable *Midi*, though bearing another signature, were composed or dictated by this man—articles evading the censure and penalties of the law, but very mischievous in their tone. All who had come into familiar communication with this person were impressed with a sense of his powers; and also with a vague belief that he belonged to a higher class in breeding and education than that of a petty *agent de change.* My colleague set himself to watch the man, and took occasions of business at his little office to enter into talk with him. Not by personal appearance, but by voice, he came to a conclusion that the man was not wholly a stranger to him; a peculiar voice with a slight Norman breadth of pronunciation, though a Parisian accent; a voice very low, yet very distinct—very masculine, yet very gentle. My colleague was puzzled, till late one evening he observed the man coming out of the house of one of these rich malcontents, the rich malcontent himself accompanying him. My colleague, availing himself of the dimness of light, as the two passed into a lane which led to the agent's apartment, contrived to keep close behind and listen to their conversation. But of this he heard nothing—only, when at the end of the lane, the rich man turned abruptly, shook his companion warmly by the hand, and parted from him, saying, 'Never fear; all shall go right with you, my dear Victor.' At the sound of that name 'Victor,' my colleague's memories, before so confused, became instantaneously clear. Previous to entering our service, he had been in the horse business—a votary of the turf; as such he had often seen the brilliant '*sportman,*' Victor de Mauléon; sometimes talked to him. Yes, that was the voice—the slight Norman intonation (Victor de Mauléon's father had it strongly, and Victor had passed some of his early childhood in Normandy), the subdued modulation of speech which had made so polite the offense to men, or so winning the courtship to women—that was Victor de Mauléon. But why there in that disguise? What was his real business and object? My *confrère* had no time allowed to him to prosecute such inquiries. Whether Victor or the rich malcontent had observed him at their heels, and feared he might have overheard their words, I know not; but the next day appeared in one of the popular journals circulating among the *ouvriers*, a paragraph stating that a Paris spy had been seen at Lyons, warning all honest men against his machinations, and containing a tolerably accurate description of his person. And that very day, on venturing forth, my estimable colleague suddenly found himself hustled by a ferocious throng, from whose hands he was with great difficulty rescued by the municipal guard. He left Lyons that night; and for recompense of his services received a sharp reprimand from his chief. He had committed the worst offense in our profession, *trop de zèle.* Having only heard the outlines of this story from another, I repaired to my *confrère*, after my last interview with monsieur, and learned what I now tell you from his own lips. As he was not in my branch of the service, I could not order him to return to Lyons; and I doubt whether his chief would have allowed it. But I went to Lyons myself, and there ascertained that our supposed Vicomte had left that town for Paris some months ago, not long after the adventure of my colleague. The man bore a very good character generally—was said to be very honest and inoffensive; and the notice taken of him by persons of higher rank was attributed generally to a respect for his talents, and not on account of any sympathy in political opinions. I found that the *confrère* mentioned, and who alone could identify M. de Mauléon in the disguise which the Vicomte had assumed, was absent on one of those missions abroad in which he is chiefly employed. I had to wait for his return, and it was only the day before yesterday that I obtained the following particulars: M. de Mauléon bears the same name as he did at Lyons—that name is Jean Lebeau; he exercises the ostensible profession of 'a letter-writer,' and a sort of adviser on business among the workmen and petty *bourgeoisie*, and he nightly frequents the *Café Jean Jacques, Rue ——, Faubourg Montmartre.* It is not yet quite half past eight, and, no doubt, you could see him at the *café* this very night, if you thought proper to go."

"Excellent! I will go! Describe him!"

"Alas! that is exactly what I can not do at present. For after hearing what I now tell you, I put the same request you do to my colleague, when, before he could answer me, he was summoned to the *bureau* of his chief, promising to return and give me the requisite description. He did not return. And I find that he was compelled, on quitting his chief, to seize the first train starting for Lille upon an important political investigation which brooked no delay. He will be back in a few days, and then monsieur shall have the description."

"Nay: I think I will seize time by the forelock, and try my chance to-night. If the man be really a conspirator, and it looks likely enough, who knows but what he may see quick reason to take alarm and vanish from Paris at any hour? *Café Jean Jacques, Rue* ——; I will go. Stay; you have seen Victor de Mauléon in his youth: what was he like then?"

"Tall—slender—but broad-shouldered—very erect—carrying his head high—a profusion of dark curls—a small black mustache—fair clear complexion—light-colored eyes with dark lashes—*fort bel homme.* But he will not look like that now."

"His present age?"

"Forty-seven or forty-eight. But before you go, I must beg you to consider well what you are about. It is evident that M. de Mauléon has some strong reason, whatever it be, for merging his identity in that of Jean Lebeau. I presume, therefore, that you could scarcely go up to M. Lebeau, when you have discovered him, and say, 'Pray, *M. le Vicomte*, can you give me some tidings of your niece, Louise Duval?' If you thus accosted him, you might possibly bring some danger on yourself, but you would certainly gain no information from him."

"True."

"On the other hand, if you make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, how can you assume him to know any thing about Louise Duval?"

"*Parbleu!* M. Renard, you try to toss me aside on both horns of the dilemma; but it seems to me that, if I once make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, I might gradually and cautiously feel my way as to the best mode of putting the question to which I seek reply. I suppose, too, that the man must be in very poor circumstances to adopt so humble a calling, and that a small sum of money may smooth all difficulties."

"I am not so sure of that," said M. Renard, thoughtfully; "but grant that money may do so, and grant also that the Vicomte, being a needy man, has become a very unscrupulous one—is there any thing in your motives for discovering Louise Duval which might occasion you trouble and annoyance, if it were divined by a needy and unscrupulous man?—any thing which might give him a power of threat or exaction? Mind, I am not asking you to tell me any secret you have reasons for concealing, but I suggest that it might be prudent if you did not let M. Lebeau know your real name and rank—if, in short, you could follow his example, and adopt a disguise. But no; when I think of it, you would doubtless be so unpracticed in the art of disguise that he would detect you at once to be other than you seem; and if suspecting you of spying into his secrets, and if those secrets be really of a political nature, your very life might not be safe."

"Thank you for your hint—the disguise is an excellent idea, and combines amusement with precaution. That this Victor de Mauléon must be a very unprincipled and dangerous man is, I think, abundantly clear. Granting that he was innocent of all design of robbery in the affair of the jewels, still, the offense which he did own—that of admitting himself at night by a false key into the rooms of a wife, whom he sought to surprise or terrify into dishonor—was a villainous action; and his present course of life is sufficiently mysterious to warrant the most unfavorable supposition. Besides, there is another motive for concealing my name from him: you say that he once had a duel with a Vane, who was very probably my father, and I have no wish to expose myself to the chance of his turning up in London some day, and seeking to renew there the acquaintance that I had courted at Paris. As for my skill in playing any part I may assume, do not fear. I am no novice in that. In my younger days I was thought clever in private theatricals, especially in the transformations of appearance which belong to light comedy and farce. Wait a few minutes, and you shall see."

Graham then retreated into his bedroom, and in a few minutes reappeared so changed that Renard at first glance took him for a stranger. He had doffed his dress—which habitually, when in capitals, was characterized by the quiet, indefinable elegance that to a man of the great world, high-bred and young, seems "to the manner born"—for one of those coarse suits which Englishmen are wont to wear in their travels, and by which they are represented in French or German caricatures—loose jacket of tweed, with redundant pockets, waistcoat to match, short dust-colored trowsers. He had combed his hair straight over his forehead, which, as I have said somewhere before, appeared in itself to alter the character of his countenance, and, without any resort to paints or cosmetics, had somehow or other given to the expression of his face an impudent, low-bred expression, with a glass screwed on to his right eye; such a look as a cockney journeyman, wishing to pass for a "swell" about town, may cast on a servant-maid in the pit of a suburban theatre.

"Will it do, old fellow?" he exclaimed, in a rollicking, swaggering tone of voice, speaking French with a villainous British accent.

"Perfectly," said Renard, laughing. "I offer my compliments, and if ever you are ruined, monsieur, I will promise you a place in our police. Only one caution—take care not to overdo your part."

"Right. A quarter to nine—I'm off."

## CHAPTER VI.

THERE is generally a brisk exhilaration of spirits in the return to any special amusement or light accomplishment associated with the pleasant memories of earlier youth; and remarkably so, I believe, when the amusement or accomplishment has been that of the amateur stage-player. Certainly I have known persons of very grave pursuits, of very dignified character and position, who seem to regain the vivacity of boyhood when disguising look and voice for a part in some drawing-room comedy or charade. I might name statesmen of solemn repute rejoicing to raise and to join in a laugh at their expense in such travesty of their habitual selves.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised, nor, I trust, deem it inconsistent with the more serious attributes of Graham's character, if the Englishman felt the sort of joyous excitement I describe, as, in his way to the *Café Jean Jacques*, he meditated the *rôle* he had undertaken; and the joyousness was heightened beyond the mere holiday sense of humoristic pleasantry by the sanguine hope that much to affect his lasting happiness might result from the success of the object for which his disguise was assumed.

It was just twenty minutes past nine when he arrived at the *Café Jean Jacques*. He dismissed the *fiacre* and entered. The apartment devoted to customers comprised two large rooms. The first was the *café* properly speaking; the second, opening on it, was the billiard-room. Conjecturing that he should probably find the person of whom he was in quest employed at the billiard-table, Graham passed thither at once. A tall man, who might be seven-and-forty, with a long black beard slightly grizzled, was at play with a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, who gave him odds—as better players of twenty-eight ought to give odds to a player, though originally of equal force, whose eye is not so quick, whose hand is not so steady, as they were twenty years ago. Said Graham to himself, "The bearded man is my Vicomte." He called for a cup of coffee, and seated himself on a bench at the end of the room.

The bearded man was far behind in the game. It was his turn to play; the balls were placed in the most awkward position for him. Graham himself was a fair billiard-player, both in the English and the French game. He said to himself, "No man who can make a cannon there should accept odds." The bearded man made a cannon; the bearded man continued to make cannons; the bearded man did not stop till he had won the game. The gallery of spectators was enthusiastic. Taking care to speak in very bad, very English, French, Graham expressed to one of the enthusiasts seated beside him his admiration of the bearded man's playing, and ventured to ask if the bearded man were a professional or an amateur player.

"Monsieur," replied the enthusiast, taking a short cutty-pipe from his mouth, "it is an amateur, who has been a great player in his day, and is so proud that he always takes less odds than he ought of a younger man. It is not once in a month that he comes out as he has done to-night; but to-night he has steadied his hand. He has had six *petits verres.*"

"Ah, indeed! Do you know his name?"

"I should think so; he buried my father, my two aunts, and my wife."

"Buried?" said Graham, more and more British in his accent; "I don't understand."

"Monsieur, you are English."

"I confess it."

"And a stranger to the Faubourg Montmartre."

"True."

"Or you would have heard of M. Giraud, the liveliest member of the State Company for conducting funerals. They are going to play *La Poule.*"

Much disconcerted, Graham retreated into the *café*, and seated himself hap-hazard at one of the small tables. Glancing round the room, he saw no one in whom he could conjecture the once brilliant Vicomte.

The company appeared to him sufficiently decent, and especially what may be called local. There were some *blouses* drinking wine, no doubt of the cheapest and thinnest; some in rough, coarse dresses, drinking beer. These were evidently English, Belgian, or German artisans. At one table four young men, who looked like small journeymen, were playing cards. At three other tables men older, better dressed, probably shop-keepers, were playing dominoes. Graham scrutinized these last, but among them all could detect no one corresponding to his ideal of the Vicomte de Mauléon. "Probably," thought he, "I am too late, or perhaps he will not be here this evening. At all events, I will wait a quarter of an hour." Then, the *garçon* approaching his table, he deemed it necessary to call for something, and, still in strong English accent, asked for lemonade and an evening journal. The *garçon* nodded, and went his way. A monsieur at the round table next his own politely handed to him the *Galignani*, saying in very good English, though unmistakably the good English of a Frenchman, "The English journal, at your service."

Graham bowed his head, accepted the *Galignani*, and inspected his courteous neighbor. A more respectable-looking man no Englishman could see in an English country town. He wore an unpretending flaxen wig, with limp whiskers that met at the chin, and might originally have been the same color as the wig, but were now of a pale gray—no beard, no mustache. He was dressed with the scrupulous cleanliness of a sober citizen—a high white neckcloth, with a large old-fashioned pin, containing a little knot of hair, covered with glass or crystal, and bordered with a black frame-work, in which were inscribed letters—evidently a mourning-pin, hallowed to the memory of lost spouse or child—a man who, in England, might be the mayor of a cathedral town, at least the town-clerk. He seemed suffering from some infirmity of vision, for he wore green spectacles. The expression of his face was very mild and gentle; apparently he was about sixty years old—somewhat more.

Graham took kindly to his neighbor, insomuch that, in return for the *Galignani*, he offered him a cigar, lighting one himself.

His neighbor refused politely.

"*Merci!* I never smoke—never; *mon médecin* forbids it. If I could be tempted, it would be by an English cigar. Ah, how you English beat us in all things—your ships, your iron, your *tabac*—which you do not grow!"

This speech, rendered literally as we now render it, may give the idea of a somewhat vulgar speaker. But there was something in the man's manner, in his smile, in his courtesy, which did not strike Graham as vulgar; on the contrary, he thought within himself, "How instinctive to all Frenchmen good-breeding is!"

Before, however, Graham had time to explain to his amiable neighbor the politico-economical principle according to which England, growing no tobacco, had tobacco much better than France, which did grow it, a rosy middle-aged monsieur made his appearance, saying hurriedly to Graham's neighbor, "I'm afraid I'm late, but there is still a good half hour before us if you will give me my revenge."

"Willingly, M. Georges. *Garçon*, the dominoes."

"Have you been playing at billiards?" asked M. Georges.

"Yes, two games."

"With success?"

"I won the first, and lost the second through the defect of my eye-sight; the game depended on a stroke which would have been easy to an infant—I missed it."

Here the dominoes arrived, and M. Georges began shuffling them; the other turned to Graham and asked politely if he understood the game.

"A little, but not enough to comprehend why it is said to require so much skill."

"It is chiefly an affair of memory with me; but M. Georges, my opponent, has the talent of combination, which I have not."

"Nevertheless," replied M. Georges, gruffly, "you are not easily beaten; it is for you to play first, M. Lebeau."

Graham almost started. Was it possible! This mild, limp-whiskered, flaxen-wigged man, Victor de Mauléon, the Don Juan of his time; the last person in the room he should have guessed. Yet, now examining his neighbor with more attentive eye, he wondered at his stupidity in not having recognized at once the *ci-devant gentilhomme* and *beau garçon*. It happens frequently that our imagination plays us this trick; we form to ourselves an idea of some one eminent for good or for evil—a poet, a statesman, a general, a murderer, a swindler, a thief: the man is before us, and our ideas have gone into so different a groove that he does not excite a suspicion. We are told who he is, and immediately detect a thousand things that ought to have proved his identity.

Looking thus again with rectified vision at the false Lebeau, Graham observed an elegance and delicacy of feature which might, in youth, have made the countenance very handsome, and rendered it still good-looking, nay, prepossessing. He now noticed, too, the slight Norman accent, its native harshness of breadth subdued into the modulated tones which bespoke the habits of polished society. Above all, as M. Lebean moved his dominoes with one hand, not shielding his pieces with the other (as M. Georges warily did), but allowing it to rest carelessly on the table, he detected the hands of the French aristocrat; hands that had never done work—never (like those of the English noble of equal birth) been embrowned or frecked, or roughened or enlarged by early practice in athletic sports; but hands seldom seen save in the higher circles of Parisian life—partly perhaps of hereditary formation, partly owing their texture to great care begun in early youth, and continued mechanically in after-life—with long taper fingers and polished nails; white and delicate as those of a woman, but not slight, not feeble; nervous and sinewy as those of a practiced swordsman.

Graham watched the play, and Lebeau good-naturedly explained to him its complications as it proceeded; though the explanation, diligently attended to by M. Georges, lost Lebeau the game.

The dominoes were again shuffled, and during that operation M. Georges said, "By-the-way, M. Lebeau, you promised to find me a *locataire* for my second floor; have you succeeded?"

"Not yet. Perhaps you had better advertise in *Les Petites Affiches.* You ask too much for the *habitués* of this neighborhood—one hundred francs a month."

"But the lodging is furnished, and well too, and has four rooms. One hundred francs are not much."

A thought flashed upon Graham—"Pardon, monsieur," he said, "have you an *appartement de garçon* to let furnished?"

"Yes, monsieur, a charming one. Are you in search of an apartment?"

"I have some idea of taking one, but only by the month. I am but just arrived at Paris, and I have business which may keep me here a few weeks. I do but require a bedroom and a small cabinet, and the rent must be modest. I am not a *milord.*"

"I am sure we could arrange, monsieur," said M. Georges, "though I could not well divide my *logement*. But one hundred francs a month is not much!"

"I fear it is more than I can afford; however, if you will give me your address, I will call and see the rooms—say the day after to-morrow. Between this and then I expect letters which may more clearly decide my movements."

"If the apartments suit you," said M. Lebeau, "you will at least be in the house of a very honest man, which is more than can be said of every one who lets furnished apartments. The house, too, has a *concierge*, with a handy wife who will arrange your rooms and provide you with coffee—or tea, which you English prefer—if you breakfast at home."

Here M. Georges handed a card to Graham, and asked what hour he would call.

"About twelve, if that hour is convenient," said Graham, rising. "I presume there is a restaurant in the neighborhood where I could dine reasonably."

"*Je crois bien*—half a dozen. I can recommend to you one where you can dine *en prince* for 30 sous. And if you are at Paris on business, and want any letters written in private, I can also recommend to you my friend here, M. Lebeau. Ay, and on affairs his advice is as good as a lawyer's, and his fee a *bagatelle.*"

"Don't believe all that M. Georges so flatteringly says of me," put in M. Lebeau, with a modest half smile, and in English. "I should tell you that I, like yourself, am recently arrived at Paris, having bought the business and good-will of my predecessor in the apartment I occupy; and it is only to the respect due to his antecedents, and on the score of a few letters of recommendation which I bring from Lyons, that I can attribute the confidence shown to me, a stranger in this neighborhood. Still I have some knowledge of the world, and I am always glad if I can be of service to the English. I love the English:" he said this with a sort of melancholy earnestness which seemed sincere, and then added in a more careless tone, "I have met with much kindness from them in the course of a checkered life."

"You seem a very good fellow—in fact, a regular trump, M. Lebeau," replied Graham, in the same language. "Give me your address. To say truth, I am a very poor French scholar, as you must have seen, and am awfully bother-headed how to manage some correspondence on matters with which I am intrusted by my employer, so that it is a lucky chance which has brought me acquainted with you."

M. Lebeau inclined his head gracefully, and drew from a very neat morocco case a card, which Graham took and pocketed. Then he paid for his coffee and lemonade, and returned home well satisfied with the evening's adventure.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning Graham sent for M. Renard, and consulted with that experienced functionary as to the details of the plan of action which he had revolved during the hours of a sleepless night.

"In conformity with your advice," said he, "not to expose myself to the chance of future annoyance, by confiding to a man so dangerous as the false Lebeau my name and address, I propose to take the lodging offered to me, as Mr. Lamb, an attorney's clerk, commissioned to get in certain debts, and transact other matters of business, on behalf of his employer's clients. I suppose there will be no difficulty with the police in this change of name, now that passports for the English are not necessary?"

"Certainly not. You will have no trouble in that respect."

"I shall thus be enabled very naturally to improve acquaintance with the professional letter-writer, and find an easy opportunity to introduce the name of Louise Duval. My chief difficulty, I fear, not being a practical actor, will be to keep up consistently the queer sort of language I have adopted, both in French and in English. I have too sharp a critic in a man so consummate himself in stage trick and disguise as M. Lebeau, not to feel the necessity of getting through my *rôle* as quickly as I can. Meanwhile, can you recommend me to some *magasin* where I can obtain a suitable change of costume? I can't always wear a traveling suit, and I must buy linen of coarser texture than mine, and with the initials of my new name inscribed on it."

"Quite right to study such details; I will introduce you to a *magasin* near the Temple, where you will find all you want."

"Next, have you any friends or relations in the provinces unknown to M. Lebeau, to whom I might be supposed to write about debts or business matters, and from whom I might have replies?"

"I will think over it, and manage that for you very easily. Your letters shall find their way to me, and I will dictate the answers."

After some further conversation on that business, M. Renard made an appointment to meet Graham at a *café* near the Temple later in the afternoon, and took his departure.

Graham then informed his *laquais de place* that, though he kept on his lodgings, he was going into the country for a few days, and should not want the man's services till he returned. He therefore dismissed and paid him off at once, so that the *laquais* might not observe, when he quitted his rooms the next day, that he took with him no change of clothes, etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.

GRAHAM VANE has been for some days in the apartment rented of M. Georges. He takes it in the name of Mr. Lamb—a name wisely chosen, less common than Thomson and Smith, less likely to be supposed an assumed name, yet common enough not to be able easily to trace it to any special family. He appears, as he had proposed, in the character of an agent employed by a solicitor in London to execute sundry commissions, and to collect certain outstanding debts. There is no need to mention the name of the solicitor; if there were, he could give the name of his own solicitor, to whose discretion he could trust implicitly. He dresses and acts up to his assumed character with the skill of a man who, like the illustrious Charles Fox, has, though in private representations, practiced the stage-play in which